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THE REV. J. TRUMBULL BACKUS, D.D.

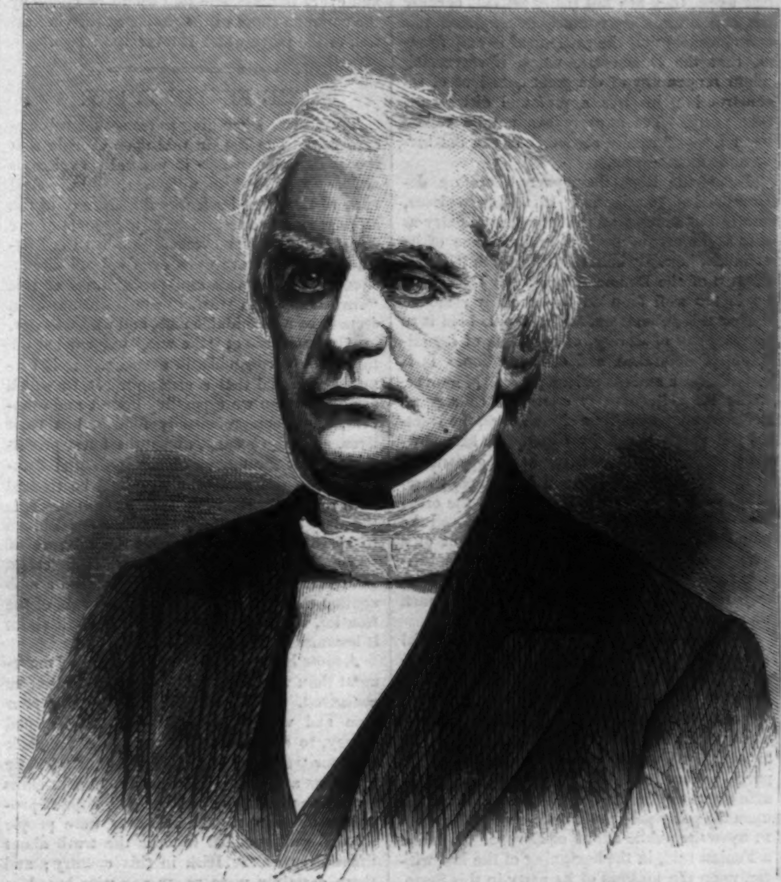
THE Rev. J. TRUMBULL BACKUS, D.D., is the son of E. F. BACKUS, who was a well-known and highly respected successful merchant of Albany, in this State. He was born in that city in 1809. He was carefully prepared for college in the Albany Academy, and entered Columbia College, in this city, in 1823. His assiduity in his studies, and the activity and vigor of his faculties, gave promise of his future success in his professional life. He was graduated, with honor, in 1827, with the Senior Class of that year, among whom he was a general favorite. He immediately entered upon a thorough course of theological study, which he diligently pursued for three years at Princeton Seminary, under the direction of the venerated professors ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER and SAMUEL MILLER. Not satisfied with this regular course of study, he also availed himself of other opportunities, and spent two additional years at sister seminaries.

Dr. BACKUS was licensed to preach in 1830 by the Presbytery of New York, Dr. PHILLIPS, Dr. KREBS, and others now departed, being then among its members, with Dr. SPRING, who still survives.

The young licentiate was invited, in 1832, to preach before the congregation of the Presbyterian Church at Schenectady. In response to a call soon after urged upon him, he was ordained and installed its pastor in December, 1832. He has never served any other church as pastor, having held that office in it now nearly thirty-eight years.

The influence of Dr. BACKUS in the whole region of which his church is the natural centre has gradually but steadily increased. The president and professors of Union College have found him a constant helper in their important work. This college conferred upon him the degree of S.T.D. many years since.

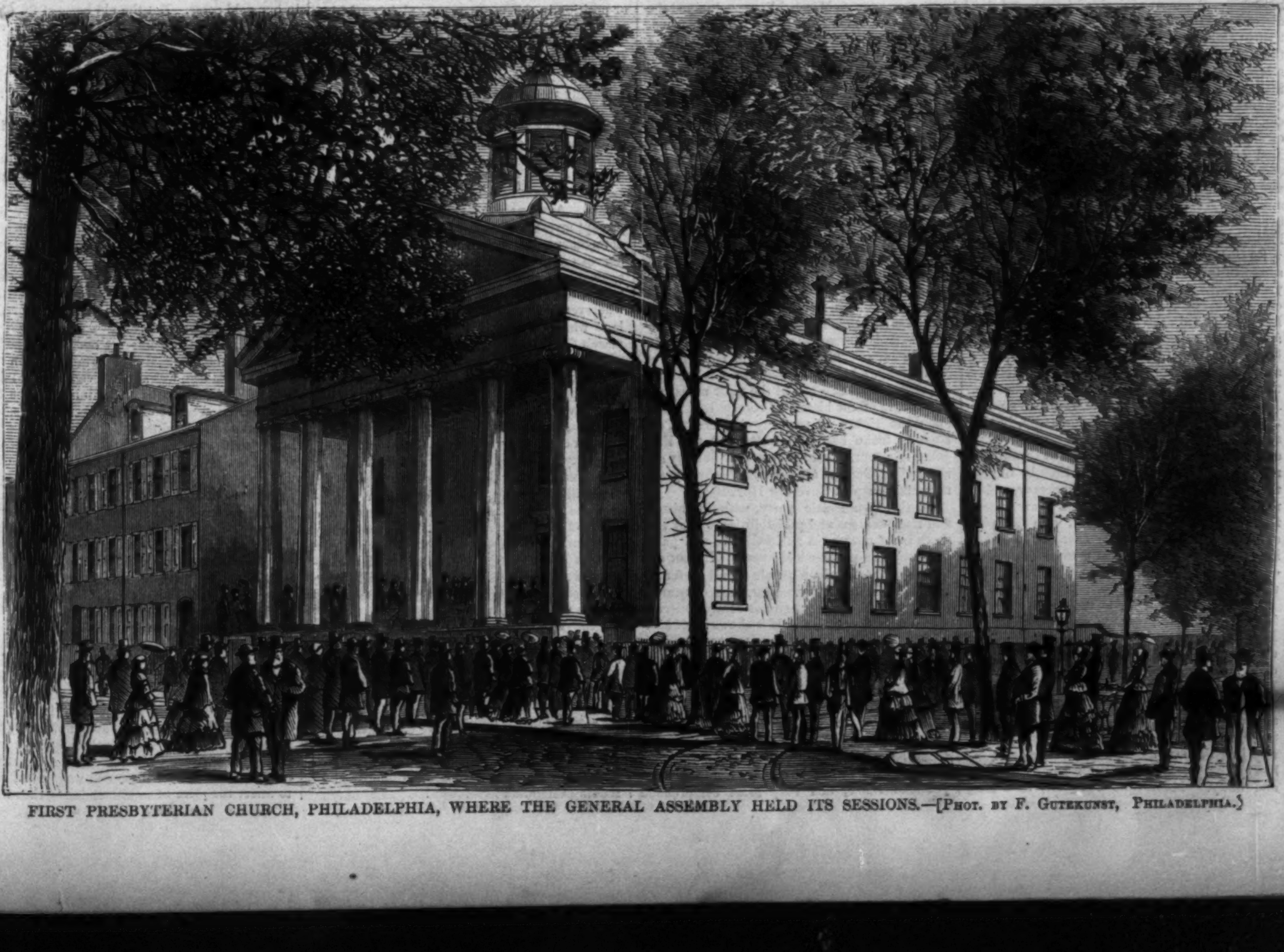
Dr. BACKUS has given faithful labor to the interests of the Presbyterian Church. He has been a commissioner to six different Assemblies. He has frequently served upon important committees. He was one of that committee which prepared for the use of the churches the "Hymnal," a valuable collection of sacred hymns with music, that has become widely useful and popular. He has been a bold and earnest friend of the "reunion," and contributed to its success. He is also possessed of views, original and much prized, upon the whole subject of the reconstruction of the Church. It is not strange then that he was suggested by many for the post of Moderator upon the convening of the great United Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which recently met in Philadelphia. In a speech of singular eloquence, the Rev. Dr. ADAMS, of New York, nominated him to this honorable position. He was elected, without any opposition, by a unanimous vote. As our readers will see, from the excellent portraiture of Dr. BACKUS, which we furnish in our present number, he is a man of noble and genial presence. His manners are easy and winning, his parliamentary experience is full, and his decisions are prompt and impartial. In his replies to the various delegates from other churches his allusions are happy, and calculated to promote friendly and fraternal confidence. It is no easy task to control and direct the debates of an Assembly of nearly six hundred members, but Dr. BACKUS seems to perform it without embarrassment or difficulty, and proves himself equal to every occasion. We also give on this page a view of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, in which the sessions of the General Assembly were held.



THE REV. J. TRUMBULL BACKUS, D.D.—[PHOT. BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

SOCIAL SLAVERY.

CERTAIN arbitrary social arrangements are just as necessary, and for much the same reasons, as a currency. It is only a savage who has no established standard of value, and who, with amiable frankness, hits every man over the head as soon as he takes a dislike to him. The petty ceremonies of life are the small change which enables business to be carried on without striking a new bargain at every step; though it is not to be denied that many of them become exceedingly vexatious and eminently absurd. Nobody ever attended a funeral without inwardly reviling the hideous apparatus of undertakers, with all their preposterous mummery, which grates so harshly upon our feelings during the



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY HELD ITS SESSIONS.—[PHOT. BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

most solemn events of our lives. Why can't we be natural and simple even when we are taking our last leave of our dearest friends, and why must we be worried with all the buffoonery of plumes and hearses? That some conventional arrangement is essential is obvious from the fact that the very danger which we most reasonably desire to avoid is precisely that of being natural and simple. We wish to have some mode of testifying respect, without explaining to the world at large whether the deceased was as the apple of our eye, or was an old ruffian who had at last taken the step which public opinion had unanimously demanded for years. There is a decency in such matters which it is needless to defend. The public is only too anxious as it is to pry into feelings with which they have no concern; and it is as well to have a uniform in which the true mourner and the indifferent observer may equally pass muster. We must submit to do many things not very excellent in themselves simply because our neighbors do them, on penalty of advertising our private fancies and crochets to mankind at large. People who talk about the decline of individuality are fond of declaring that eccentricity should be encouraged, because it implies indifference to the tyranny of the majority. It may be so; but eccentric people often seem to be only slaves to public opinion who have hit upon a more cunning way of flattering their master, and appealing to the world at large for wonder, if not for praise. The value of doing as the world does is that it enables you to think as pleases yourself. You are like a person who wears a domino at a masquerade instead of appearing in a fancy costume, and practically you have most liberty when you do not dash your peculiarities in people's faces.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 11, 1870.

☞ *A very interesting account of* Baker's Travels in Abyssinia, *superbly Illustrated from his own sketches, was commenced in* Harper's Weekly *for May 28. This will be followed, when completed, by similar narratives of* Travel and Adventure *in other countries, both savage and civilized, illustrating, with pen and pencil, whatever is interesting, curious, and noteworthy in their scenery, and the manners, customs, and occupations of the inhabitants. The Publishers believe that this novel and instructive department will be one of the most entertaining and popular attractions ever laid before their readers.*

☞ *Arrangements have been made to furnish Cut Paper Patterns of the beautiful Single Costumes which appear from time to time in* Harper's Bazar, *at the low rate of Twenty-five Cents for the entire Costume. The Patterns of the Street Suit in* Harper's Bazar *No. 22, and of the Visiting Suit in No. 24, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. News-dealers supplied at the usual discount. In ordering, please specify the Pattern wanted.*

THE PARTIES.

THE late election in New York has been the occasion of a great deal of political discussion. The Democratic papers have hailed the result as an indication of the dissolution of the Republican party, and of the swift return of the Democrats to power; while the Republican papers have explained the defeat by defective leadership, the want of decided issues, and the discord and fruitlessness of the Republican action in Congress. In suggesting remedies for the situation, however, there has been too much stress laid upon a change of leaders and of prominent officers of the government. Party leaders are not changed at will. They are not elected. They are displaced only by leaders of superior sagacity, and that can be determined only by experiment. When there are cleverer men for party purposes in this State than Mr. Tweed and Mr. Sweeny, those statesmen, who are now the unquestioned Democratic managers, will be superseded. But they will lead until the cleverer men are discovered.

So with the Republican party. Certain persons will lead it until abler men for that purpose present themselves. If the present leaders are incapable the party will suffer. Such leaders may ruin the party, but they can not be arbitrarily displaced; for the person who should be able to persuade the party that their policy should be exchanged for another, would, by that fact, establish his claims to the leadership. As for the gentlemen in office, they can neither make nor save a party. Undoubtedly, in our system a shrewd distribution of offices is very serviceable for party discipline; but that it can not save a party was shown in 1860 by the total overthrow of the Slavery Democracy, which for a generation had garrisoned every office, from the largest to the smallest, with the spies and pimps of Slavery. To change the office-holders, therefore, might in many instances be of great service, but it would not of itself renew the vigor of a party.

The political situation in the country is very intelligible. The President was elected by the Republican party upon the general issue of securing upon Republican principles the results of the war. While that has been done by the Reconstruction acts and the Fifteenth Amendment, the President, who was not a politician, and who sought for office, as far as practicable, those whom he personally knew, and not those who had the strongest party recommendation, has by that course relaxed the party discipline and unity. Meanwhile Congress, in a long session, during which the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment and the practical restoration of the States have formally disposed of the chief issues of the campaign, has not replaced those issues by others. There has been nothing done in regard to taxation, to a general financial system, to a civil service reform. There has been a long and fruitless debate upon the Funding bill and the Tariff. Upon every great question the Republican party has seemed to be divided. There is, at least, at the end of six months, no positive party policy in regard to immediate and pressing issues. Unluckily, also, the West Indian views of the Administration are mistaken. Its wishes are not and can not be supported by the better portion of the party, while a favorable settlement of the *Alabama* question, which would be a glory to any administration, has not yet been made. The great body of the party, therefore, is listless or half discontented; and that is a perilous frame of mind for any party.

We say that the action of Congress has formally disposed of the old issues; but, as we stated last week, they are not really settled, because the opposition does not acquiesce. And this consciousness that the settlement is only formal, that the Democratic party, if successful, might reopen any of the great questions of reconstruction, inspires a profound distrust of that party. Yet a party can not be rallied upon issues formally settled. It can not bivouac, it must march.

But is the Republican party, therefore, demoralized and moribund? Is it going to pieces, and is the success of the Democratic party as sure as its organs declare, and as some of its members honestly believe? Far from it. The distrust of the Democratic party by this country is too well founded to be easily removed during this generation. The people hold it to be the party of slavery, of rebellion, of repudiation, of ignorance, and of corruption. It is essentially an anti-American party. Moreover, if the Republican party offers the country no defined policy upon immediate issues, the Democratic party is equally silent. It has, however, the advantage of being in the opposition. It has no responsibility, and its silence, therefore, is not so hurtful to it as that of the other side. But besides its fatal reputation, and the popular disgust with it—besides its want of a declared policy upon any subject as a substitute for the Republican action—the Democratic party has no conspicuous leaders, no men whose names are charms to conjure with.

We have already mentioned its most skillful chiefs. They are not Mr. Belmont, the chairman of its National Committee, nor Mr. Tilden, the chairman of its New York State Committee, but two men who are extremely distasteful to Mr. Belmont and Mr. Tilden—that is to say, Mr. Tweed and Mr. Sweeny. The party paper in the city of New York is an amusing merry-andrew, with as much influence upon the party policy and counsels as a Grimaldi upon the public affairs of Europe. It made a Fenian raid, in the beginning of the last winter, upon the masters of its party in this State, and they as incontinently bundled it into their baggage-wagon as Marshal Foster dumped the valorous General O'Neil into a hackney-coach. It is now the lackey and laughing laureate of the Ring.

Looking further for leaders, the poverty of the Democratic party is dismally conspicuous. By common consent its "coming man" is not a gentleman of any personal power, magnetism, or influence whatever. He is without marked capacity, and totally destitute of national reputation. If, indeed, national reputation were sought, would the party look into Congress and select Mr. Saulsbury or Mr. Davis, Mr. M'Vickars or Mr. M'Creery, Mr. Thurman or Mr. Bayard, Mr. Voorhees or Mr. Wood, Mr. Mungen or Mr. Cox? No man hitherto conspicuous as a Democrat would suit the exigency, and Mr. Hoffman is the coming man of his party, because he is the least known. He is emphatically an accident. He is the "creation" and the instrument of the chiefs, Tweed and Sweeny. They made him Governor of New York, and his great official act is the signing of the Erie bill—one of the most monstrous assaults, in all the history of corrupt legislation, upon the rights of property-holders. They hope to make him President; and the little joker of a journal that now finds "debility and inanity" in General Grant will discover greatness and grasp in Governor Hoffman.

Of the Democratic party, with its history and management and probabilities, we say that there is, of course, in an intelligent and patriotic people, a profound distrust. Without any question, the American people would prefer the Republican ascendency. But, as is constantly and truly said, a party can not always succeed upon its past successes. If it shows itself hesitating and doubtful, if it fails to see and seize every occasion as it arises, it will be overthrown. Mere distrust of the Democratic party will not avail against its fine professions in a platform, if the Republicans are chilled and disheartened. The Administration, by which we mean the Executive and Congress, must take the initiative of positive action. The ablest statesmen in this country are in the Republican ranks, and they must comprehend their responsibility. There must be a simple and decided financial policy, and not a mere drift of words. The *Alabama* controversy must be bravely grasped and settled. The West Indian policy must be abandoned. The reform of the civil service must be actively pressed. Taxation must be lightened; and the whole revenue system simplified.

If gentlemen in Congress understood how carefully their conduct is scanned, how earnestly and impatiently the best men of the dominant party in this country await some clear and precise course of action—if they felt as we all feel who are in immediate and daily contact with the current of public opinion, that the power of the Republican party is permanent if its confidence is restored, and that the restoration of confidence depends upon a prompt and vigorous and sagacious treatment of the actual issues of to-day—those gentlemen would take care that the last weeks of the session should atone for the first; and that when Congress adjourns it should have adopted measures that would be beneficially felt in every household and every interest, and that would be hailed by the common-sense of the people as the vindication of the party which it loves and trusts.

THE FENIAN FOLLY.

There was something so transcendently absurd in the late Fenian raid upon Canada that the indignation which it naturally excites is almost smothered in pitiless ridicule. And next to the farce itself was the comedy of the attempt at grave treatment of it in some of the newspapers as a "movement" against the British empire. There were even solemn discussions of the chances and probabilities of this "invasion" by an "army" which did not even seem to be a formidable mob, and whose leader, in the very crisis of "the war," was carried off to jail, by a constable, in a coach. It is certainly shameful that a crude project, by which some men who were possibly honest and innocent, but incomprehensibly foolish, lost their lives, and which daily, under the finest professions, takes the money of hundreds and thousands who can not spare it, should be treated with respect by the press of this country. It is the duty of the press toward honest Irishmen to spare no pains in exposing the mixture of stupendous folly and knavery which is called Fenianism. And when the leaders send a mob against the innocent and peaceful homes of the frontier, whoever does not tell the truth about it becomes a partner in the guilt.

A more ludicrous travesty of a national movement than what is called Fenianism can not be conceived. Certain ringleaders persuade poor men and women to give their hard-earned money, to squander their time, and risk their lives for "the liberation of Ireland!" Public meetings are held, and conspicuous politicians flatter the movement, because they hope to propitiate the voters. There never were people who so sadly needed to hear the truth about themselves as the Irish in this country; and there certainly were never any who heard so little. What Irishman, of whatever education or position in this country, ever plainly told his countrymen the truth about this Fenian folly? The best friend of the Irish citizens is President Grant, who promptly warned all marauders and breakers of the law of the risks they assumed. It is only to be regretted that there was not a military force at hand to prevent the crossing of the line by the mob, and which would have saved the lives of those who were shot. But it is not practicable to cover every point of such a frontier as ours; and vigorous measures at the earliest moment of action is all that can be expected. Among those vigorous measures are the prompt arrest of the expeditions. The Fenian detachments leaving various towns for the rendezvous are unlawful expeditions or enterprises against other countries with which we are at peace, and the members should be arrested wherever found. They are as amenable to the laws when they leave New York as when they march from St. Albans or Malone.

The Canadians are no more responsible for the misgovernment of Ireland than the people of Vermont; and it is intolerable that those who have not the pluck to go to Ireland, nor to fight England, should harass peaceable people in another country, and "humble the proud Saxon" by proxy. One of the telegrams from Malone mentioned that "the invaders" occupied the cars without paying, and the conductor "pocketed the swindle for the sake of peace and the safety of his other passengers." The same day "an enthusiastic meeting of the friends of the Fenian cause" was held in Troy, and a company was recruited. "As the recruits were leaving the hall, three were arrested for burglary at the suburban residence of Mr. Gary." Three years ago, when the last "war" was made against Canada, the luckless inhabitants of towns in Maine, upon which the recruits were quartered, found themselves at the mercy of a mob, locked up their spoons, and sent their wives and daughters out of town. What security has any home, upon either side of the line, from the forays of such a crowd as the Fenian leaders are able to collect, under the pretense that the Irish republic can be established by robbing Canadian hen-roosts?

But it is no jest for those, either upon the American or Canadian side, who undertake to defend themselves against such incursions. It is not Englishmen nor Canadians—it is American citizens and homes that suffer most from these riotous and murderous outrages upon the frontier; and if the press seconds the Government in its resolution that our laws shall be respected, and our innocent neighbors left undisturbed, the Fenian fire will soon expire for lack of fuel.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

On the 24th of May gold sold as low as 13⅞, the opinion prevailing that a Funding bill, satisfactory to Mr. Boutwell, stood in improved favor with the Committee of Ways and Means, and that a larger amount of gold would be sold by the Treasury in June than had been in May. Owing, however, to a firmer demand for exchange, which rose nearly to the gold-shipping point, and to the Fenian movement, gold advanced to 115. On the 27th of May the rates which prevailed here for gold and exchange, together with the momentary state of the market at New York and London for our public debt, permitted the sale of our bonds in London, and the drawing of cable exchange founded upon it. This was instantly done. Whereupon gold again receded, although the opinion gains strength that we are on the eve of the shipment of coin to London. One of our banking-houses, connected closely with California, and having branches at the principal money centres of Europe, exported gold bars by the steamer of the 28th, and previously, which bars, with Mexican dollars, constitute the forerunners of coin shipments. Both can be sent with better advantage than even new double eagles, which latter are more profitable than old coins.

The precise point at which gold can be shipped with advantage varies slightly with circumstances. During last season a house which sent several millions when exchange was 10¼ (or $4 90 gold per pound sterling) made one penny per pound sterling as the profit. The shipment, which consisted of new double eagles, went directly to the Bank of England, which, upon recoinage into sovereigns, passed the amount to the credit of the shipper. If sixty-day bills are worth here say 9$\frac{13}{16}$, double eagles, in the present condition of the money-market in London, may be shipped without a loss. The present rate for such bills is 9¾ to 9⅞, and of sight bills 10⅛ to 10⅜. The percentage, as all but the unexperienced are aware, is calculated upon $4 44 as the assumed value of the pound sterling. By an act of 1799, Congress, for certain purposes, established this value, following, perhaps, an English precedent, which for like purposes fixed the value of our dollar at 4*s.* 6*d.* By a later act, passed in 1842, Congress declared that the value of the pound sterling shall be estimated in payments by or to the Treasury, and in valuing goods at the custom-house, invoiced in English money, at $4 84, which is very nearly up to its actual value, measuring the quantity of pure gold contained in the English sovereign with the like quantity contained in our gold coins. But the old basis of $4 44.4 has not been departed from in commerce, although it confounds all except those who are familiar with the subject.

The question, whether or not we are on the eve of shipping gold coin, is discussed in all financial circles with great interest; but so many have been misled heretofore, and so inexplicable are the changes, as appears by the experience from the 24th to the 28th of May, that people generally prefer to wait for events rather than to express decisive opinions. Some of the circumstances which bear upon the question are these: that our cotton bills are nearly exhausted; that we shall have no new exports until October; that Europe, in refusing to take our new railroad securities, indicates that they are held in sufficient abundance; and that the recovery going on in England will call for the use of her loose capital.

The excess of our imports over our exports, which, for the financial year terminating on the 30th of June last, was about seventy-eight millions of dollars, has been diminished thus far this year on account of our larger exports, but our annual indebtedness to the foreigner, arising from the present excess of imports—from the excess in freights in foreign bottoms over what is carried in American—from the expenses of American travelers in Europe—and from the interest on bonds, national, State, and corporate, held abroad, is not less than one hundred and eighty millions of dollars, which annual indebtedness we continue to meet with—*securities!* So long as this is satisfactory to Europe we shall be at ease in this country.

The recovery of the English in their trade and industry is stated by the *Economist*—their chief financial authority—to be "general and marked." In the great manufacturing districts the demands of workmen in cotton for an advance of five per cent. in their wages is met by the statement that the improvement in the price of cotton yarns and cloths does not justify the advance. In other districts the manufacturers recommend a resort to short time, to meet not only the demand for increased wages, but also to affect the price of cotton, claiming that their interests require that it shall be reduced. The question is perplexing, as many laborers in the mills stand always upon the verge of pauperism, and the improved condition of the manufacturer is not sufficiently assured to justify an important increase of expense. On the other hand, the emigration of skilled workmen from England produces, in some districts, a scarcity of hands, which is the subject of serious complaint. Inasmuch as the rate of interest in England remains at three per cent., the extent of the improvement referred to by the *Economist* can not be sufficient of *itself* to induce a demand from this country for English balances, as they can at present earn more invested here.

Part of the prosperity now existing in Great Britain is attributed to cheap bread, which is enjoyed at our expense in part. The period of cheap bread is coincident with the pressure upon the gold market on this side, and is widely attributed to that influence. It rarely happens that cotton and wheat rule high in England simultaneously; and if the advance in price of the latter shall continue to a point which will afford remuneration to the farming interest of the Northwest, cotton might suffer in a corresponding degree, unless the state of English industry and of the cotton supply conspire to prevent that result. Although cotton had arrived in England by way of the Suez Canal, yet up to the 12th of May, owing to the lateness and the deficiency of the crop, only 2355 bales more than usual had been received from India. The deficiency of cotton in England is now marked in the higher grades, and it may be that good middlings may be in demand as long as the supply lasts. The quantity of cotton still to be sent from this side may amount to from twenty-five to thirty millions of dollars' worth, not nearly enough, added to the value of our expected exports of grain, oil, cheese, and other productions, to keep pace with the indiscreet volume of our imports.

The indications continue to be strong that a large amount of grain will be required from us. This fact has given greater activity to trade in the West than is usual so late in the season. Trade has also been improved by the firmness in gold. If, between this and October, gold shall be required from us in considerable quantities, neither the passage of the Funding bill nor the sales of gold by the Treasury can prevent its advance in price. If, however, the foreigner shall continue to receive our securities to the extent in which our debt is now being increased, gold will continue at a low price until the day of settlement shall arrive. The postponement of that period will complicate our difficulties in the end, a result which the prudent will notice and guard against. In the present condition of the money market and of the tariff our exports are valued high, in order to obtain full advances, and imports are undervalued, in order to have low duties, so that allowance is to be made on both sides of the account to reach the true sum. A hundred and eighty millions of *annual* indebtedness can be contemplated only with anxiety by those who consider the difference between the circumstances now and those which must soon exist, when, instead of running up a further debt, we shall be compelled to pay in coin to the foreigner over eighty millions of annual interest, on corporate, State, and national bonds.

DECORATION-DAY.

Decoration-day is becoming one of the most beautiful of our festivals. It occurs at the loveliest season of the year, when the earth is brilliant with flowers and musical with birds, and when every thought of the dead is naturally most tender and most hopeful. Surely it is little to ask that, in the midst of our prosperity and freedom, one day shall be consecrated to the memory of the men who secured them by their lives. The current of events is so deep and swift that even the war is fading a little from our memories. There is already a certain forgetfulness of the immense services of the soldiers and sailors; and there was a touching and lofty pride in the words of General Sherman, that he had earned the money that was paid him. If Decoration-day served no other purpose than to refresh in the public mind the sense of the claims of the soldiers, it would be a wise and most serviceable occasion. But it does more. It renews the remembrance of the great cause in which they fell; and this is as serviceable as to celebrate the Fourth of July, and to recall the principles as well as the devotion of the Revolution.

It has been sometimes felt that the tendency of Decoration-day must be to preserve the memory of hostilities that should be forgotten. But this is not a necessity. There is no more vindictiveness in the remembrance of the struggle than there was in the spirit with which it was maintained. The dead soldiers are not honored because they were brave, and died—for their enemies were brave, and they also died—but it is the cause for which they fell that consecrates their memory; and that cause is as much that of their opponents as of themselves. It is not a private tribute of affection that is paid on Decoration-day; it is the expression of a national feeling of gratitude and joy. Just as independence was really the cause of the whole country, although the Tories did not believe it, so the perpetuity of the Union, as the security of the liberty and equal rights of every citizen, is the cause of the whole nation. If it were merely the celebration of the victory of the North over the South, nothing could be more unwise than such a festival. But obviously, and consciously upon the part of every one who shares in it, it is no more the celebration of a victory, in the limited personal sense, than our national anniversary.

Therefore we see no reason to doubt that it will gradually become a general and national festival. It may be otherwise observed than now, although it is not easy to imagine any observance more appropriate and beautiful. One of the most significant feasts of the Romish Church in Italy is All-souls' Day. Then the friends and relations of the dead visit their graves, and the Church militant and the Church triumphant mingle. Let this be our All-souls' Day. Let it send us meditatively to the graves of our heroes, and there, as we recall them and renew in memory our common hopes and joys and pains, let us also renew our vows to live for the great cause for which they died. The longer the day is celebrated the tenderer the feeling will become; and when this generation, which saw the war and felt its sharp wounds, has passed away, nothing but the cause and the heroism will remain for admiration and for undying honor.

THE RIGHTS OF RAILROAD PASSENGERS.

The case of Mr. John A. Coleman against the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, of which we have spoken more than once, is the cause of the people against the tyranny of the great corporations. The case has now been tried for the third time, and the verdict is again for Mr. Coleman, with somewhat increased damages. The general ruling of the Court, however, seems to have been as before. Apparently it is one of the cases in which, as the phrase is, justice is upon one side, and law upon the other; and as law is greatly precedent, it appears that a series of unjust precedents may become law. Mr. Coleman had a coupon ticket from New Haven to New York. Not having used it, he soon after offered it upon the train from New York to New Haven. The conductor refused it, and also refused to listen to any proposition involving the test of the right claimed by Mr. Coleman. The conductor threatened, and Mr. Coleman offered to yield to an officer of the law. But, under the immediate instructions of Mr. James H. Hoyt, the Superintendent of the road, the conductor summoned four brakemen, who violently flung Mr. Coleman from the car, seriously and permanently injuring him. With the most admirable public spirit, feeling that the rights of all travelers were involved, Mr. Coleman sued the Company, and recovered thirty-three hundred dollars damages. The judge set them aside as excessive. Upon the second trial the jury disagreed. Upon this third trial the jury have given thirty-four hundred and fifty dollars damages.

The Court, Judge Pitman presiding, held that the ticket was a contract; that the Railroad Company may make such regulations as it chooses; that it had a right to eject Mr. Coleman from the car; and that the only question was whether unnecessary violence had been used. That is to say, the law authorizes a corporation to construe and execute its own contract; forcibly to seize any person whom it chooses to regard as a delinquent, and to be responsible only for what is proved to be excessive violence. Apparently this ruling regards the conductor in a railway car as a householder in his own house, and authorizes him to expel trespassers at his discretion. Of course, if such a preposterous proposition be law, it is law which ought not to survive the first day of the next Legislature. It permits every conductor, with the aid of brakemen, to settle peremptorily at his pleasure any difference as to the scope and value of tickets, and the interpretation of the railroad regulations themselves. It gives the subordinate agent of a railroad corporation the most absolutely despotic authority. Nothing but the already enormous power of those corporations could secure such a privilege; and if this really be the law, it is but another illustration of the alarming increase of that power.

And if, as the Court holds, a ticket is a contract, where is the United States stamp? If it be a contract, every railroad ticket sold is invalid. Indeed, the extraordinary interpretation of law, and the boundless authority claimed by the Railroad Company, to do exactly what it chooses to do upon its trains, if once established, will subject travelers to every kind of oppression and inconvenience. We have recently called attention to the petty annoyances practiced upon the Morris and Essex road, and authorized by the management. It is merely insulting to say that, if passengers are dissatisfied, they can build a road to suit themselves. The railroad companies in this country are chartered by the people for the public accommodation, and the people should cultivate the utmost jealousy of their rights. If they have said, as is claimed, that the companies may make what regulations they will, let them take care not to repeat so fatal an error. The Legislature prescribes the limits of fare. It makes laws for the public safety upon the railroads. Let it also feel the determined pressure of a public opinion, which demands that the convenience and comfort of passengers shall not be wantonly outraged.

What evidence has a passenger—what evidence had Mr. Coleman—that there was any such rule as the conductor declares, that it is a rule which the Company may lawfully make, or that it has been made by the Company, and not by the Superintendent? In Mr. Coleman's case, how could he know that what the conductor called the rule of the Company was really more than the whim of a Superintendent, who, upon this road, would recognize the coupon, and upon the next, would not? We hope, sincerely, that this case may not be disposed of until there is an authoritative declaration of the law by the highest tribunal. And if it shall appear that this assumption is legal, we trust that the popular good sense will be too strong even for the power of the railroad companies, and that the law will be changed.

NOTES.

We hope, with the London *Standard*, that the race between the *Sappho* and the *Cambria* will be the last of international matches. No good result whatever is achieved by them. There is an immense excitement and jealousy, and enormous private exultation upon the part of the victor, and a little spurious compliment of the vanquished, at the end. Mere success in a match proves nothing. The superiority of one system or building, or training, or sailing, or rowing, or whatever it may be, is determined only by the comparison and fortune of years. Certainly nobody was satisfied or comfortable or happy at the result of the Harvard and Oxford race last year, except the winners, and John Bull in general. And the great result is only a little sharper feeling between the two countries. The jealousy of our international relation with England is natural enough in consideration of the circumstances. But what is most desirable now is not to foster that jealousy. It is not to put a chip on our shoulder, and then look insultingly across the sea. There are people who think that nothing would be so fine as a war with England. But they are the people who ought to be grievously disappointed. Boys at rival schools may taunt each other, and clench their valorous fists. But there is no greater nuisance than the man who is constantly anticipating a quarrel with others. The whole duty of an American is honorably to avoid difficulties with other nations; and one way of doing that duty is to decline, with thanks, an "international match" at blindman's-buff, or any other of the manly pastimes.

The latest illustration of personal news that is not news was this announcement in one of the chief of our daily contemporaries: "The gentleman to whom Miss Smith has been erroneously reported to be engaged is Mr. Brown, the son of the distinguished statesman of that name. It is, however, authoritatively denied by the parents of Miss Smith, and the story is entirely unfounded." That is the best of all padding, for there is no end to its manufacture. Thus if the printer calls for a little more copy, the city editor has only to write: "The silver fork which Mr. —— was erroneously stated to have taken from the supper-table at Mrs. ——'s ball, on Wednesday evening, was of the newest pattern, and the set is duplicated at Tiffany's. But Mrs. —— emphatically denies that any of her forks are missing, and the story is therefore quite without foundation, and very possibly malicious." Or, more briefly: "It is wholly untrue that the Hon. —— slipped upon a piece of orange-peel and fell in the mud yesterday in Broadway."

The death of George W. Demers, of the Albany *Evening Journal*, was not unexpected. He was but thirty-four years old, and had been long seriously ill. Mr. Demers was a man of acute and vigorous mind, of very positive convictions, which he expressed in a trenchant and aggressive style, and he was an effective orator. He succeeded to a very difficult position, the editorship of a journal so long identified with Mr. Weed. But he was a skillful partisan, and he maintained the reputation, if not the peculiar influence, of the paper.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is now organized under the most admirable auspices, and with the finest promise of ample success. It is to be judged not by any formal and detailed programme, which could not be wisely made, but by the character of the gentlemen concerned. They are generally well-known citizens; men of the highest character and energy, many of them rich, and all of them sincerely and intelligently interested in the subject. They have not issued any promises; but the executive committee is engaged in considering the measures which are to be taken, both for raising subscriptions and for gathering the collection. The object of the movement is to provide a permanent museum of objects, illustrative of the history of art, from the earliest times to our own. This includes, of course, the finest accessible works of every kind in sculpture, painting, and architecture, and in the minor ornamental arts, pottery, porcelain, engravings, mosaics, coins, metal works, textile fabrics, etc. The value and interest of such a collection are indescribable; and an idea of what it is, and of its civilizing advantages, may be gathered from an admirable paper upon Art Museums, by Professor Comfort, published in "Old and New," for April, and now separately issued. The Professor has made the subject a special study, and he states, with propriety and force, that such a museum could begin with a complete collection of the finest sculptures in the world, by means of casts, which are perfect reproductions of originals. The Museum has been incorporated, and it will not languish.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 23.—In the Senate, an amendment to the Appropriation bills was agreed to, allowing the appointment of female clerks in any of the classes of clerkships in the Departments; also an amendment appropriating $100,000 to meet the expenses of an expedition to the North Pole.—A bill was passed in the House, extending to the navy the provisions of the act which confers the right of naturalization to aliens honorably discharged from the army. The Roman mission amendment to the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bill was rejected.

May 24.—In the Senate, most of the session was consumed in discussing the report of a Conference Committee in regard to the disagreement between the House and Senate on the Fifteenth Amendment bill. No action was taken.—In the House, a long debate took place on the bill for the revival of American commerce, but no action was taken. A new Tax bill was introduced which revives the income tax. The Diplomatic Appropriation bills were passed.

May 25.—In the Senate, the report of the Conference Committee on the Fifteenth Amendment bill was accepted by a strictly party vote. The rest of the session was occupied with a debate on an amendment to the Appropriation bill, prohibiting the admission of a pardon as a proof of the loyalty of the claimant in the Court of Claims, and establishing a rule prohibiting the use of such pardon in appeals from the Court of Claims, and requiring that proof of loyalty provided for in previous acts of Congress shall be made irrespective of such pardon; also that judgments made on such proof be reversed in the Supreme Court, and suits in the Court of Claims based on such proof be dismissed forthwith. The amendment was adopted. —In the House, the bill for the revival of American commerce was debated at great length, without action.

May 26.—In the Senate, a joint resolution, giving the consent of Congress to the State of New Jersey to accept the Stevens Battery under the will of Edwin A. Stevens, was passed.—In the House, the Northern Pacific Railway bill was passed as it came from the Senate.

May 27.—In the Senate, the Appropriation bill was taken up. The amendment giving equal pay to male and female clerks in the Departments was agreed to. The amendment appropriating $500,000 for the extension of the Capitol grounds, after a protracted debate, in which the question of moving the capital westward was brought up, was also agreed to. The amendment appropriating $100,000 for an Arctic expedition occasioned a facetious discussion, but was finally adopted. Amendments were also adopted increasing the salary of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to $10,000, and of the other Judges in proportion. The bill was then passed.—In the House, the report on the Fifteenth Amendment bill was taken up, and, after some discussion, was agreed to by a strictly party vote.

May 28.—In the Senate, no business of public importance was transacted. Mr. Chandler made a long speech on American commerce, in the course of which he declared himself to be in favor of the annexation of the Gulf and Sandwich islands, Canada, Columbia, and San Domingo.—In the House, a bill was passed providing for the payment of pensions to the survivors of the War of 1812, after being so amended as to include the widows of officers and men married before the close of that war.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Since the last number of the *Weekly* went to press a second attempt has been made by the Fenians to invade Canada, ending, as did the first, in complete failure. The preliminary arrangements were made with great secrecy. Large quantities of military stores were collected at various points along the frontier, without the knowledge of the authorities on either side; and had the leaders been able to concentrate their men at these points, for a simultaneous dash across the line, before the reporters got wind of the movement, their attempt might have had at least a temporary success. But the reporters were not to be cheated. The news that large bodies of Fenians had left New York and other places for the frontier was published the very day the movement began; and the result was that the "Army of Invasion" found itself confronted at all points by superior forces of Canadian Volunteers, and their supplies cut off by the United States authorities. The President's proclamation against the violation of our neutrality laws had a disheartening effect on the rank and file. The military leaders of the movement proved to be either cowardly or imbecile. General O'Neil, who led the Fenians across the border near St. Albans, allowed himself to be arrested in the face of his army by United States Marshal Foster, and conveyed to jail. There was no serious fighting any where, and but few casualties are reported on either side. The unfortunate men who were decoyed to the border were left to get home as best they might. Several of their prominent leaders have been arrested, and will be held for trial.

It is reported that the Northern Indians have sent runners south to ask the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kioways, and Comanches to join in a general war. The Indians are planting but little corn this year.

Nathaniel Willis, a publisher and journalist, and father of the late N. P. Willis, died at his residence in Boston on Thursday, May 26. He was ninety years of age.

A destructive fire has ravaged a large extent of territory on the Saguenay River, covering an area of five miles wide by thirty miles long. Five hundred families, numbering 4500 persons, are reduced to destitution, while six grown persons and two children were burned to death.

Recent advices from Darien represent the surveying expedition as having progressed twelve miles inland. Considerable impediment was experienced from swollen streams, owing to heavy rains. The weather was extremely hot during the day.

FOREIGN NEWS.

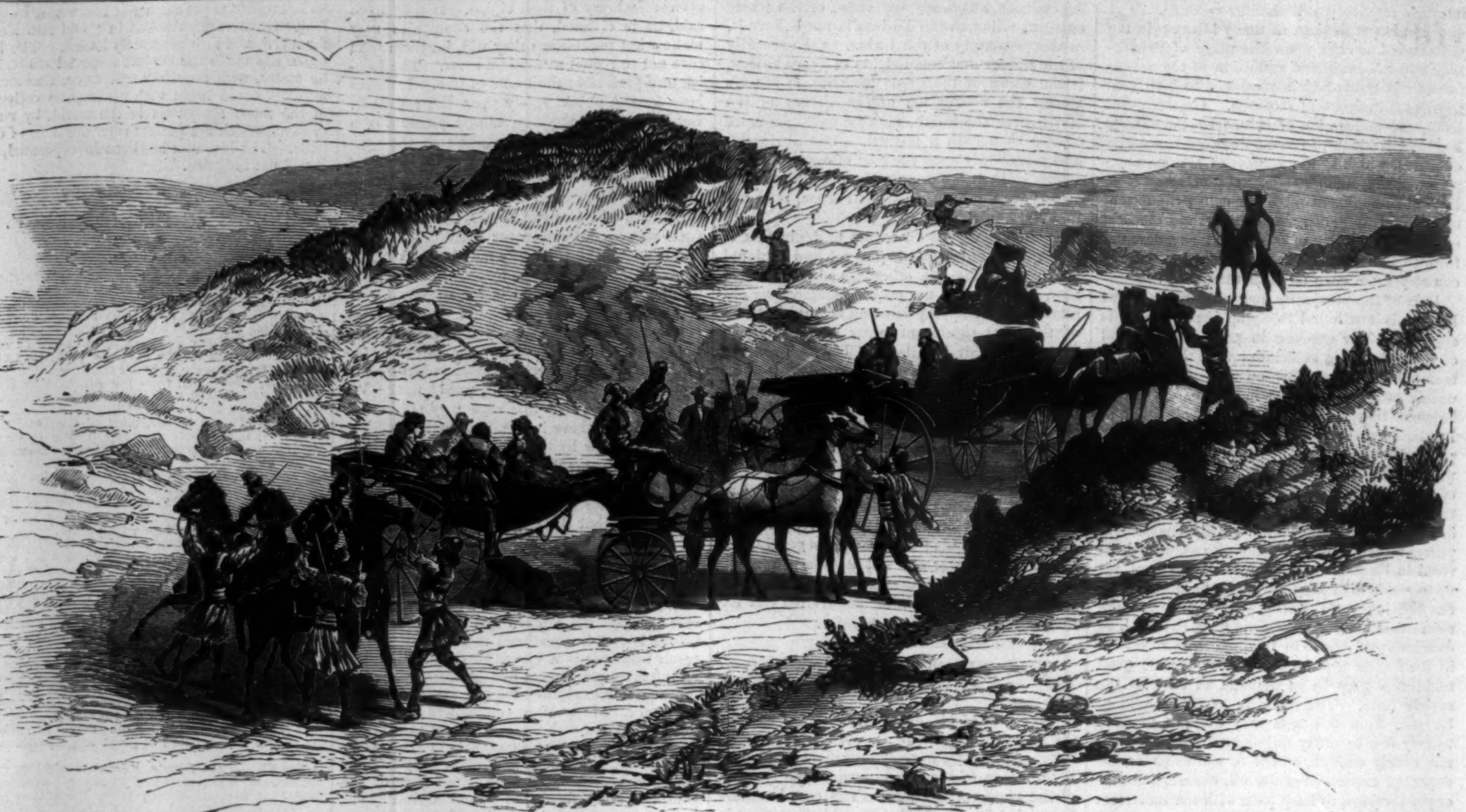
Espartero has finally decided to decline the Spanish crown, and the Cortes is again on the look-out for candidates for the kingship. There is said to be a great reluctance to invest Serrano with royal powers.

A measure providing for the gradual extinction of slavery in the Spanish possessions has been introduced in the Cortes. It provides for indemnity to the master for children born of slaves since 1868, and that all born after the passage of the law shall be free.

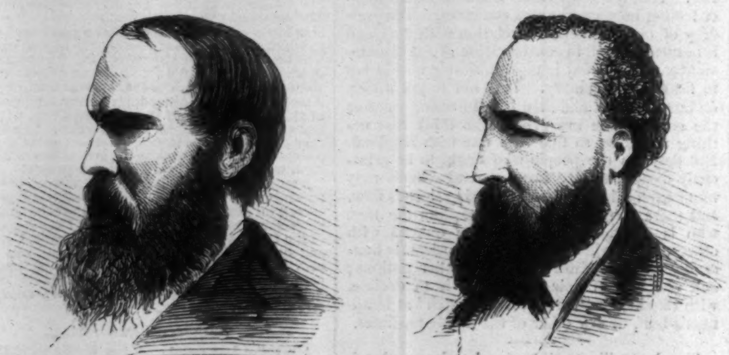
The Duke of Saldanha, head of the new Portuguese ministry, has issued a proclamation denying that the recent *coup d'état* was made with the object of effecting a union with Spain. The Portuguese Cortes has adjourned, all the members taking an oath to defend the independence of Portugal. General Prim, in the Spanish Cortes, has stated that Spain had taken no part in the Portuguese political movement.

At a recent meeting in London, at which the Lord Mayor presided, resolutions approving of the proposed Evangelical Council in New York, and accepting the invitation to be present, were adopted unanimously.

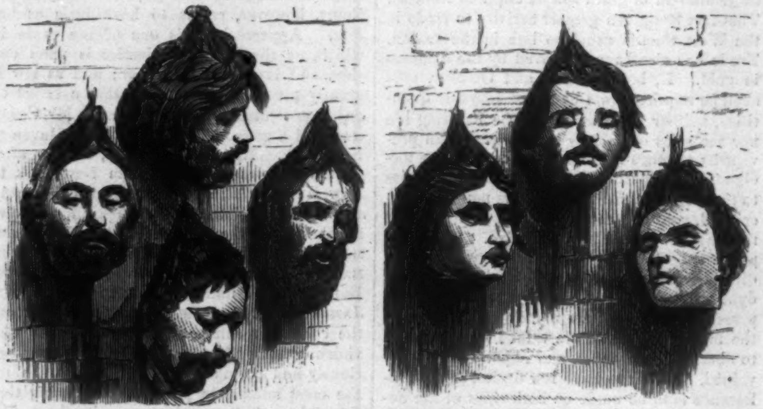
Another expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone is on foot in England.



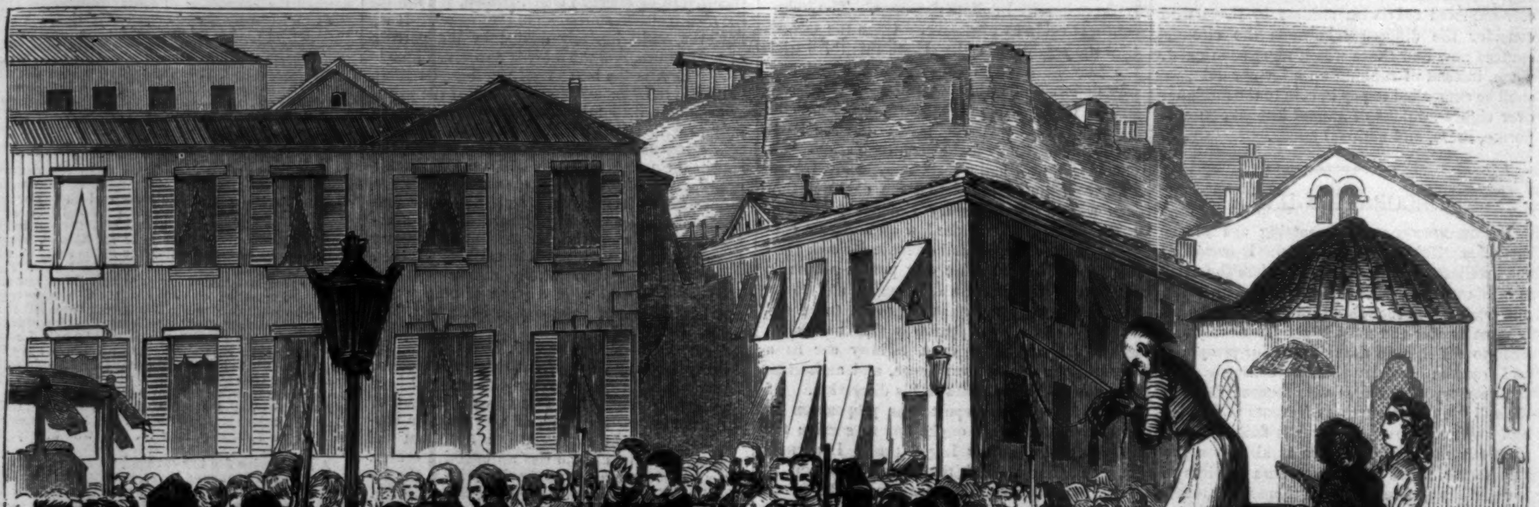
GREEK BRIGANDAGE—THE ATTACK ON THE CARRIAGES.



Mr. Lloyd. MURDERED BY THE BRIGANDS. Mr. Herbert.



HEADS OF BRIGANDS EXPOSED AFTER EXECUTION.



GREEK BRIGANDAGE—FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS AT ATHENS.—[See Page 375.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

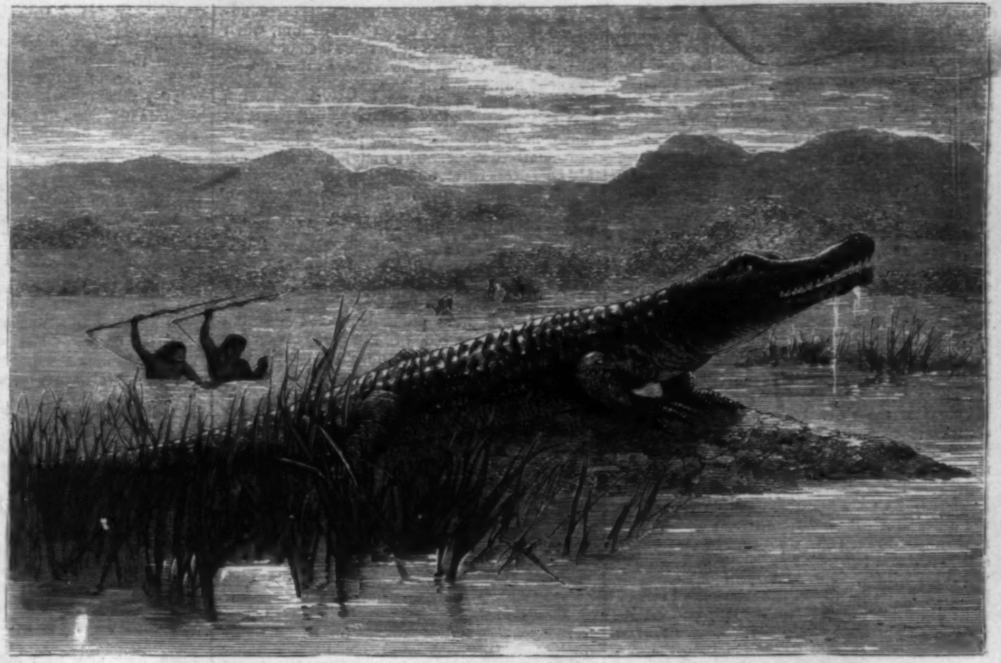
By Sir Samuel Baker.

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Delladilla.—Encampment Sixteen Miles up the River.—Hippopotamus Hunters.—Harpooning of a Crocodile.—A Hippopotamus Family.—Attack of the Male.—Prolonged Struggle.—Capture.

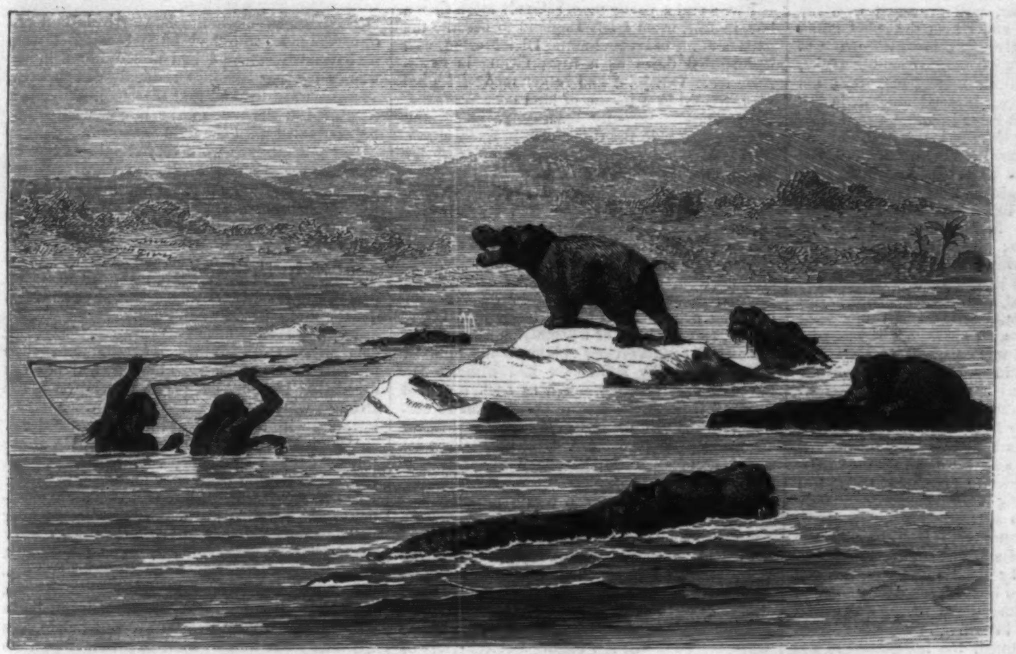
We quitted the islet and encamped at Delladilla, the forest where I had first shot the bull elephant when the aggageers fought with him on foot. No European had ever been farther than this point of the river, which had only been visited by Florian and his companion, Johann Schmidt. After setting fire to the tall grass, which not only hid the game from us, but prevented us from overtaking it after we had discovered it, I resolved to explore the country for a fortnight, which would give the animals that had been driven off by the flames time to return to their lairs.

We followed the river to the foot of the mountains, and encamped sixteen miles above Delladilla, at the place where a party of the Basé had been sabred the year before by the aggageers. Our huntsmen pretended that the enemy would try to take revenge on us; but the enemy was afraid of our rifles, and knew, besides, that we were strong in numbers. A dozen of howartis, or hippopotamus hunters, of the Hamran tribe, had joined our band, and we could therefore make ourselves respected.



HARPOONING THE CROCODILE.

These howartis are full of skill and courage. Their trade is a perilous one, less from the hippopotami than from the crocodiles, amidst which they live continually without any means of defense. The harpoon which they use is a piece of soft steel about eleven inches long, with a narrow blade or point of about three-quarters of an inch in width, and a single but powerful barb. To this short and apparently insignificant weapon a strong rope is secured, about twenty feet in length, at the extremity of which is a buoy or float as large as a child's head. The extreme end of the stout harpoon is fixed on the point of a bamboo about ten feet long, around which the rope is twisted, while the buoy end is carried in the left hand.



HARPOONING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

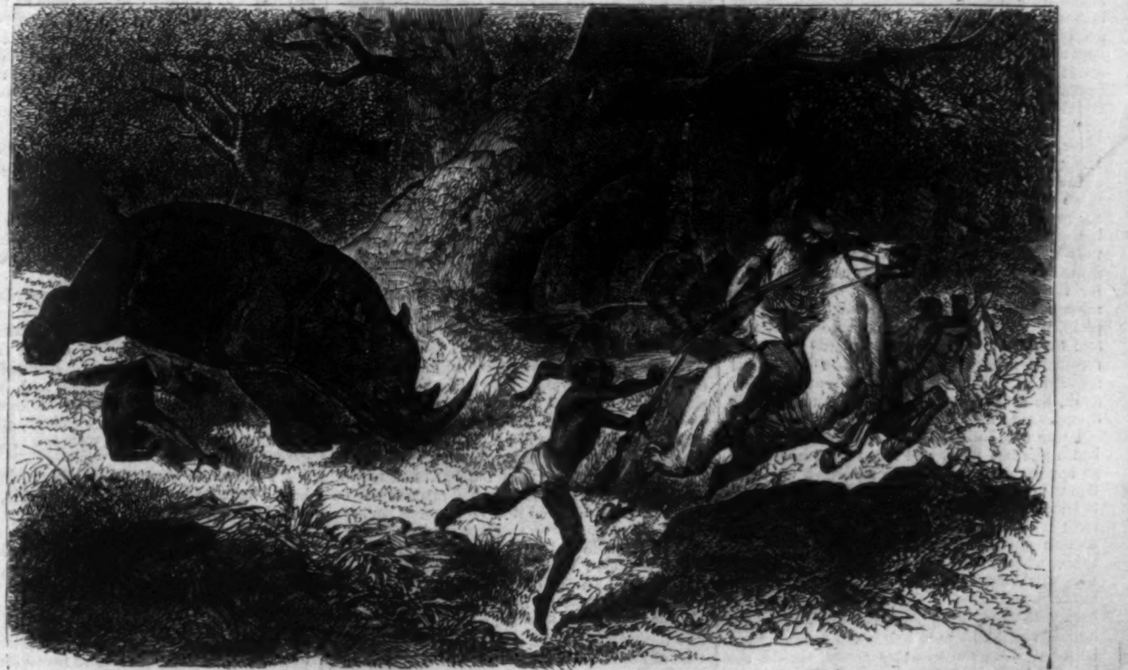
A little before sunrise, eight or ten days after their arrival, I accompanied the howartis for a day's sport. There were two of them; I say nothing of their followers. There were numbers of hippos in this part of the river, and we were not long before we found a herd. The hunters failed in several attempts to harpoon them; but they succeeded in stalking a crocodile after a most peculiar fashion. This large beast was lying upon a sand-bank on the opposite margin of the river, close to a bed of rushes. The howartis, having studied the wind, ascended for about a quarter of a mile, and then swam across the river, harpoon in hand. The two men reached the opposite bank, beneath which they alternately waded or swam down the stream toward the spot upon which the crocodile was lying. Thus advancing under cover of the steep bank, or floating with the stream in deep places, and crawling like crocodiles across the shallows, the two hunters at length arrived at the bank of rushes, on the other side of which the monster was basking asleep upon the sand. They were now about waist-deep, and they kept close to the rushes, with their harpoons raised, ready to cast the moment they should pass the rush bed and come in view of the crocodile. Thus steadily advancing, they had just arrived at the corner within about eight yards of the crocodile, when the creature either saw them or obtained their wind; in an instant it rushed to the water; at the same moment the two harpoons were launched with great rapidity by the hunters. One glanced obliquely from the scales; the other stuck fairly in the tough hide, and the iron, detached from the bamboo, held fast, while the float, running on the surface of the water, marked the course of the reptile beneath.

The hunters chose a convenient place and recrossed the stream to our side, apparently not heeding the crocodiles more than we should fear pike when bathing. They would not waste their time by securing the crocodile at present, as they wished to kill a hippopotamus; the float would mark the position, and they would be certain to find it later. We accordingly continued our search for hippopotami; these animals appeared to be on the *qui vive*, and, as the hunters once more failed in an attempt, I made a clean shot behind the ear of one, and killed it dead. At length we arrived at a large pool, in which were several sand-banks covered with rushes, and many rocky islands. Among these rocks was a herd of hippopotami, consisting of an old bull and several cows; a young hippo was standing, like an ugly little statue, on a protruding rock, while another infant stood upon its mother's back that listlessly floated on the water.

This was an admirable place for the hunters. They desired me to lie down, and they crept into the jungle out of view of the river. I presently observed them stealthily descending the dry bed about two hundred paces above the spot where the hippos were basking behind the rocks. They entered the river and swam down the centre of the stream toward the rock. This was highly exciting; the hippos were quite unconscious of the approaching danger, as steadily and rapidly the hunters floated down the strong current; they neared the rock, and both heads disappeared as they purposely sank out of view; in a few seconds later they reappeared at the edge of the rock upon which the young hippo stood. It would be difficult to say which started first, the astonished young hippo into the water, or the harpoons from the hands of the howartis! It was the affair of a moment; the hunters dived directly they had hurled their harpoons, and swimming for some distance under water, they came to the surface and hastened to the shore lest an infuriated hippopotamus should follow them. One harpoon had missed; the other had fixed the bull of the herd, at which it had been surely aimed. This was grand sport! The bull was in the greatest fury, and rose to the surface snorting and blowing in his impotent rage; but as the float was exceedingly large, and this naturally accompanied his movements, he tried to escape from his imaginary persecutor, and dived constantly, only to find his pertinacious attendant close to him upon regaining the surface. This was not to last long; the howartis were in earnest, and they at once called their party, who, with two of the aggageers, Abou Do and Suleiman, were near at hand; these men arrived with the long ropes that form a portion of the outfit for hippo hunting.

The whole party now halted on the edge of the river, while two men swam across with one end of the long rope. Upon gaining the opposite bank, I observed that a second rope was made fast to the middle of the main line; thus upon our side we held the ends of two ropes, while on the opposite side they had only one; accordingly, the point of junction of the two ropes in the centre formed an acute angle. The object of this was soon practically explained. Two men upon our side now each held a rope, and one of these walked about ten yards before the other. Upon both sides of the river the people now advanced, dragging the rope on the surface of the water until they reached the float that was swimming to and fro, according to the movements of the hippopotamus below. By a dextrous jerk of the main line, the float was now placed between the two ropes, and it was immediately secured in the acute angle by bringing together the ends of these ropes on our side.

The men on the opposite bank now dropped their line, and our men hauled in upon the float that was held fast between the ropes. Thus cleverly made sure, we quickly brought a strain upon the hippo, and, although I have had some experience in handling big fish, I never knew one pull so lustily as the amphibious animal that we now alternately coaxed and bullied. He sprang out of the water, gnashed his huge jaws, snorted with tremendous rage, and lashed the river into foam; he then dived, and foolishly approached us beneath the water. We quickly gathered in the slack line, and took a round turn upon a large rock, within a few feet of the river. The hippo now rose to the surface, about ten yards from the hunters, and, jumping half out



EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

of the water, he snapped his great jaws together, endeavoring to catch the rope, but at the same instant two harpoons were launched into his side. Disdaining retreat, and maddened with rage, the furious animal charged from the depths of the river, and, gaining a footing, he reared his bulky form from the surface, came boldly upon the sand-bank, and attacked the hunters open-mouthed. He little knew his enemy; they were not the men to fear a pair of gaping jaws, armed with a deadly array of tusks, but half a dozen lances were hurled at him, some entering his mouth from a distance of five or six paces, at the same time several men threw handfuls of sand into his enormous eyes. This baffled him more than the lances; he crunched the shafts between his powerful jaws like straws, but he was beaten by the sand, and, shaking his huge head, he retreated to the river. During his sally upon the shore, two of the hunters had secured the ropes of the harpoons that had been fastened in his body just before his charge; he was now fixed by three of these deadly instruments, but suddenly one rope gave way, having been bitten through by the enraged beast, who was still beneath the water. Immediately after this he appeared on the surface, and, without a moment's hesitation, he once more charged furiously from the water straight at the hunters, with his huge mouth open to such an extent that he could have accommodated two inside passengers. Suleiman was wild with delight, and springing forward, lance in hand, he drove it against the head of the formidable animal, but without effect. At the same time Abou Do met the hippo sword in hand, reminding me of Perseus slaying the sea-monster that would devour Andromeda, but the sword made a harmless gash, and the lance, already blunted against the rocks, refused to penetrate the tough hide; once more handfuls of sand were pelted upon his face, and, again repulsed by this blinding attack, he was forced to retire to his deep hole and wash it from his eyes. Six times during the fight the valiant bull hippo quitted his watery fortress, and charged resolutely at his pursuers; he had broken several of their lances in his jaws, other lances had been hurled, and, falling upon the rocks, they were blunted, and would not penetrate. The fight had continued for three hours, and the sun was about to set, accordingly the hunters begged me to give him the *coup de grace*, as they had hauled him close to the shore, and they feared he would sever the rope with his teeth. I waited for a good opportunity, when he boldly raised his head from water about three yards from the rifle, and a bullet between the eyes closed the last act.

CHAPTER VI.

Pursuit of a Lion.—Aggahr's Cleverness.—Hunting the Lion with the Sword.—Cutting up a Buffalo.—Dainty Morsel.—Traces of the Rhinoceros.—Every Man for Himself.—Burning the Grass.—The Mèhedèhet.

Here, as at Delladilla, we were surrounded by the tall grass. Wishing to burn it, not only because it obstructed our progress, but because it afforded a lurking-place for the enemy, we set out at daybreak, while the howartis were gone in search of their crocodile. On this occasion I rode Aggahr, my best hunter.

We had crossed the river, and, as we passed through an opening in the belt of jungle on the banks, and entered upon a plain interspersed with clumps of bush, we perceived, at about two hundred yards' distance, a magnificent lion, whose shaggy, yellow mane gave him a colossal appearance, as he stalked quietly along the flat sandy ground toward the place of his daily retreat. The aggageers whispered, "El Assut!" (the lion), and instinctively the swords flashed from their sheaths. In an instant the horses were at full speed sweeping over the level ground. The lion had not observed us; but, upon hearing the sound of the hoofs, he halted and raised his head, regarding us for a moment with wonder, as we rapidly decreased our distance, when, thinking retreat advisable, he bounded off, followed by the excited hunters, as hard as the horses could be pressed. Having obtained a good start, we had gained upon him, and we kept up the pace until we at length arrived within about eighty yards of the lion, who, although he appeared to fly easily along like a cat, did not equal the speed of the horses. It was a beautiful sight. Aggahr was an exceedingly fast horse, and thoroughly understood his work. His gallop was perfection, and his long, steady stride was as easy to himself as to his rider; there was no necessity to guide him, as he followed an animal like a greyhound, and sailed between the stems of the numerous trees, carefully avoiding their trunks, and choosing his route where the branches allowed ample room for the rider to pass beneath. In about five minutes we had run the lion straight across the plain, through several open strips of mimosas, and we were now within a few yards; but, unfortunately, just as Taher and Abou Do dashed forward in the endeavor to ride upon either flank, he sprang down a precipitous ravine, and disappeared in the thick thorns.

I was much disappointed, as we should have had a glorious fight, and I had long sought for an opportunity of witnessing an attack upon the lion with the sword. The aggageers were equally annoyed, and they explained that they should have been certain to kill him. Their plan was to ride upon either flank, at a few yards' distance, when he would have charged one man, who would have dashed away, while the other hunter would have slashed the lion through the back with his sword. They declared that a good hunter should be able to protect himself by a back-handed blow with his sword, should the lion attack the horse from behind; but that the great danger in a lion hunt arose when the animal took refuge in a solitary bush, and turned to bay. In such instances the hunters surrounded the bush, and rode direct toward him, when he generally sprang out upon some man or horse; he was then cut down immediately by the sabre of the next hunter. The aggageers declared that, in the event of an actual fight, the death of the lion was certain, although one or more men or horses might be wounded, or perhaps killed.

A short time before, I had killed a buffalo. My aggageers carefully flayed it, and divided the tough hide into portions, accurately measured, for shields. The others, in the mean time, cut up the animal, and prepared the usual disgusting feast, by cutting open the reeking paunch, over which they squeezed the contents of the gall-bladder, so that nothing might be lost, and consumed the whole, raw and steaming.

The camels were promptly loaded with the meat, and we proceeded to fire the grass on our return to camp. The north wind was brisk, and the flames extended over miles of country within an hour. We were passing through a mass of kittar thorn-bush, almost hidden by the immensely high grass, when, as I was ahead of the party, I came suddenly upon the tracks of rhinoceros; these were so unmistakably recent that I felt sure we were not far from the animals themselves. I was accompanied by my Tokrooris, and my horse-keeper, Mohammed. It was difficult ground for the men, and still more unfavorable for the horses, as large disjointed masses of stone were concealed in the high grass.

We were just speculating as to the position of the rhinoceros, and thinking how uncommonly unpleasant it would be should he obtain our wind, when whiff! whiff! whiff! We heard the sharp whistling snort, with a tremendous rush through the high grass and thorns close to us; and at the same moment two of these determined brutes were upon us in full charge. I never saw such a scrimmage; *sauve qui peut!* There was no time for more than one look behind. I dug the spurs into Aggahr's flanks, and clasping him round the neck, I ducked my head down to his shoulder, well protected with my strong hunting cap, and I kept the spurs going as hard as I could ply them, blindly trusting to Providence and my good horse, over big rocks, fallen trees, thick kittar thorns, and grass ten feet high, with the two infernal animals in full chase only a few feet behind me. I heard their abominable whiffing close to me, but so did my horse also, and the good old hunter flew over obstacles that I should have thought impossible, and he dashed straight under the hooked thorn bushes and doubled like a hare. The aggageers were all scattered; Mohammed was knocked over by a rhinoceros; all the men were sprawling upon the rocks with their guns, and the party was entirely discomfited. Having passed the kittar thorn, I turned, and seeing that the beasts had gone straight on, I brought Aggahr's head round, and tried to give chase, but it was perfectly impossible; it was only a wonder that the horse had escaped in ground so difficult for riding. Although my clothes were of the strongest and coarsest Arab cotton cloth, which seldom tore, but simply lost a thread when caught in a thorn, I was nearly naked. My blouse was reduced to shreds; as I wore sleeves only half-way from the shoulder to the elbow, my naked arms were streaming with blood; fortunately my hunting cap was secured with a chin strap, and still more fortunately I had grasped the horse's neck, otherwise I must have been dragged out of the saddle by the hooked thorns. All the men were cut and bruised, some having fallen upon their heads among the rocks, and others had hurt their legs in falling in their endeavors to escape. Mohammed, the horse-keeper, was more frightened than hurt, as he had been knocked down by the shoulder and not by the horn of the rhinoceros, as the animal had not noticed him; its attention was absorbed by the horse. I determined to set fire to the whole country immediately, and descending the hill toward the river to obtain a favorable wind, I put my men in a line, extending over about a mile along the river's bed, and they fired the grass in different places. With a loud roar, the flame leaped high in air and rushed forward with astonishing velocity; the grass was as inflammable as tinder, and the strong north wind drove the long line of fire spreading in every direction through the country.

We now crossed to the other side of the river to avoid the flames, and we returned toward the camp. On the way, I made a long shot and badly wounded a tétel, but lost it in thick thorns; shortly after I stalked a nellut (*A. strepsiceros*), and bagged it with the Fletcher rifle.

Dismounting I ordered one of the hunters to lead my horse while I attempted to stalk a fine buck mèhedèhet (*Redunca ellipsyprimna*). There were several in the herd, but there was a buck with a fine head a few yards in advance; they were standing upon an undulation on open ground backed by high grass. I had marked a small bush as my point of cover, and, creeping unobserved toward this, I arrived unseen within about a hundred and twenty yards of the buck. With the Fletcher 24 I made a good shoulder-shot; the buck gave a few bounds and fell dead; the does looked on in astonishment, and I made an equally lucky shot with the left-hand barrel, bringing down what I at first had mistaken to be a doe, but I discovered it to be a young buck.

The mèhedèhet is an antelope of great beauty; it resembles the red deer in color, but the coat is still rougher; it stands about thirteen hands in height, with a pair of long, slightly curved, annulated horns. The live weight of the male would be about five hundred pounds; the female, like the nellut (*Tragelaphus strepsiceros*), is devoid of horns, and much resembles the female of the Sambur deer of India. This antelope is the "water-buck" of South Africa.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"WE."

Oh! love is left in by-gone years,
  Yet there has been no broken vow.
"*We*" met of yore; 'tis "*you* and *I*"
  That sometimes meet each other now.
A quite indifferent *he* and *she*,
Though once enshrined in lovers' "*we.*"

That time, 'tis now long, long ago—
  Its hopes, its joys all passed away;
On life's calm tide three bubbles glow,
  And pleasure, youth, and love are they.
Hope paints them bright as bright can be—
Or did when *you and I* were "*we.*"

I paradised some woodland cot;
  I built great "castles in the air;"
And pleasure was, and grief was not.
  In cot or castle *thou* wert there;
Yet it was not alone for thee,
For Fancy always whispered "*we.*"

The distant isles of future years
  Gleam brightly though the golden haze;
Time's sea a reflex heaven appears,
  In which the stars are happy days;
At least 'twas always so with me
When lovers *you and I* were "*we.*"

My life was all one web of gold,
  Where thoughts of thee like gems were set;
But soon the light of love grew cold,
  And gems and gilding faded; yet
The "gilt" and "paste" seemed true to me,
But 'twas when *you and I* were "*we.*"

Long, long ago, with life-hope shone
  These faded fancies; now they seem
Wild fragments of a gladness gone,
  The memory of a pleasant dream.
And Wonder whispers, "Can it be
That ever *you and I* were '*we?*'"

A NIGHT ATTACK.

I was still a young man, scarcely more than a boy, in fact, when I left England to become the partner of my old school-mate, Dick Merton, who had settled down as a sheep-farmer in South America. Our joint and rather modest capital was invested in a league of land near Santa Fé, on the Parana, bought "for a song," on account of some defect in the title; also in a few sheep, having the lathy appearance, and almost the speed, of greyhounds; and, lastly, in the materials for our house, of which, as we had ourselves been the architects, builders, and clerks of the work, we were not a little proud. It was built of sun-baked bricks, and consisted of one tolerably large room, with a flat roof and parapet, accessible from the inside by means of a ladder. Around it, at about thirty yards' distance, we had dug a deep dry ditch, crossed by a draw-bridge, and intended as a protection against surprise by our enterprising neighbors the Indians. The latter dusky gentlemen had hitherto behaved themselves very much as such, and had confined their throat-cutting propensities to certain stray sheep, instead of gratifying them at the expense of the owners. But ugly tales were still told of their doings round about us—of white men taken while riding in sight of home, and tortured; of cattle driven off, and sheep speared in very wantonness of mischief—which were not reassuring, and which caused us to keep a particularly sharp look-out, especially when, as now, the Indian moon (their favorite time of attack) gave light enough to point the way to plunder, but not to guide the aim of the defenders.

Dick Merton, changed indeed since the days when his word was law among a select circle of Pall Mall dandies, lounged up to where I was standing. His costume was simple in the extreme, and consisted merely of a sufficiently aged pair of leather unmentionables and a red flannel shirt—the whole being surmounted and relieved by a very long black beard, and a very short but equally black pipe; but through rough attire and surroundings, the indefinable *je ne sais quoi* of gentility was as clearly recognizable as when he was sowing his rather extensive crop of wild-oats upon home soil, and before that memorable Derby which induced him, after settling with duns of every description, to embark himself and the leavings of his property, and dwell among sheep and savages, until he could return with fresh grist to carry on the civilized mill.

"Can you see any thing stirring in the camp?" said he, as he came up. "Those horses are making a confounded row in the corral. I saw Johnson the Yankee this morning, and he said that Indians had crossed the river, and he guessed we'd better keep our wits well iled, that the dusky varmin didn't look in when we warn't ready for visitors."

Now, horses were our surest safeguards against surprise. Dogs we had too, but they roused us up so frequently by barking at nothing more formidable than a stray deer or fox that—reminded of the gentleman whose amusement it was to cry, "Wolf!"—we lost all faith in them; but our little, half-wild Pampa horses had a truer instinct, and their warnings, given by stamping upon the ground, were not to be disregarded with safety.

"I can make out some objects moving about half a mile to the southward," said I, after a long look-out on the plains.

"They are mounted men, by Jove!" exclaimed my companion; "and riding hard this way too. Stand here with your rifle, Alfred, while I slip cartridges into the others. At that pace they will be here directly."

And so they were. Almost before Dick had reached my side again, two "Guachos," their usually swarthy faces livid with fear, sprung from their horses, which, covered with blood, sweat, and foam, showed how sharp had been the ride, and rushed over the draw-bridge. They told us, as soon as terror would allow them, that three hundred Indians were in hot pursuit, and would soon be on the spot, and besought us, for the love of the Virgin, to give them shelter, as to ride out again into the camp upon their foundered horses would be certain death.

Dick, rather to my surprise—for I did not then know what distinguished liars the natives as a rule are—calmly lit his pipe, and then ordered our visitors, in a somewhat doubtful Spanish idiom, to "make themselves scarce."

"Unless," he said, politely, "you can tell a plain tale, señores, without lies, *vamos* and *adios.*"

Upon this we learned, after much cross-questioning, that they had been to buy horses ("To steal them, more likely," interjected Dick) at the station of a rich Spaniard, Don Ramon Garcia, who lived about four leagues from us; and that when they reached the top of a gentle rise in the ground, and had a view of the house, they had seen, to their horror and dismay, a large body of the dreaded Indians, who were attacking—for they heard shots—Don Ramon's *estancia.*

"Whereupon," said the spokesman, with teeth chattering, "we rode hard to your abode, well knowing that the brave Englishmen would not deliver us up. But let us mount your fleetest horses, señores, and ride for life. Soon they will be here, and who can withstand the fierce *bravos?*"

"If this be true," said Dick, turning to me—"and I believe it is, for these cowardly scoundrels' faces are proof that they have seen *something*—the sooner we prepare to fight the better. Of course they were not attacking Ramon's place; he has a fort strong enough to resist a thousand of them, and plenty of men and arms as well. Most likely they made a dash to carry off any one who might be strolling at a distance from the house, or to drive off the horses; and it's equally likely that we shall have them here soon, where there's a better chance for a night attack. In any event, we must be prepared for them. Naturally, we can't run away, and leave all we have in the world to be destroyed, as these valiant gentlemen propose."

The natives—both the late arrivals and our own two men, who had often boasted of what they meant to do and had already done in the way of fighting Indians—suddenly disappeared. We afterward learned that they took refuge in a corn-field in the rear of the house, where they lay concealed until the fight was over.

Our preparations were very simple—a box of cartridges was opened (for we were provided with those inestimable peace and life preservers, breech-loading rifles) and placed ready to hand, together with a bottle of whisky and a jar of water; the door and window, our weakest points, were secured as strongly as possible; and then, sheltering our bodies behind the parapet, we peered cautiously over, and strained our eyes to get the first glimpse of an enemy.

Nothing is so daunting as suspense to a young campaigner, and I felt my heart thumping against my ribs with excitement, and a sort of nervous dread that I should not play a man's part in the struggle we expected. But Dick's voice, calm, low, and with a slight drawl in it, reassured me.

"Now look here, Alfred, my boy," he said; "if we have to fight, keep cool, and do as I tell you. Reach your hand over here—that's right; I like to feel you gripe like that. Now remember to aim steadily, as though you were winning a cup in the rifle corps at home, and don't show yourself more than you can help; for, though these beggars have only a few muskets and pistols in the shape of fire-arms, they can shoot pretty straight if you stand still enough for a long sight. Their great point will be to force the door; but we can soon stop that if you are steady with your shots; and they can't fire the bricks. Do you see any thing?"

"There's something dark on the ground near the corral," I answered; "it seems nearer than it was."

"An Indian, sure enough, and the ball's going to commence." As he said this, Dick's rifle rung out in the silence of the night, and I saw a splinter fly white in the moonlight, about a foot above the dark object, which thereupon started up with a cry, and fled. Then we heard the galloping of horse, and about one hundred Indians rode into view, and, breaking into twos and threes, circled round us within shot—waving spears and shouting as though the whole company of fallen angels had met to lament their change of circumstances chorally.

"Don't shoot! This is all a feint." And my superior's warning came just in time; for a dusky cloud of men sprung out from the ditch, and rushed, lance in hand, against the door. Well for us that its fastenings were secure, and that we had not been tempted to throw away shots by the first demonstration. Bang, bang! went our rifles, and I saw with a feeling of pleasure that the man I had covered fell back with a hoarse yell.

"Don't hurry, but in with your cartridges," I heard next; and both fired again together. This was too much for them; they halted, wavered one moment, and then disappeared as if by magic—our rapid system of firing having completely discomfited them.

"Down with you!" and I felt myself pulled suddenly under the parapet, in time to hear the bullets from the cavalry outside the ditch sing over our heads. "So far so good," was Dick's comment. "Take a drop of whisky, and watch the next move."

The moon was now nearly over; but that was not so much against us, the night being clear and starlight enough to see a man at ten paces. We could hear the trampling of horses' feet, and guttural sounds of talking, and guessed that a council of war was being held. Suddenly a spark appeared about two hundred yards from the house—for they had fired our haystack—and grew rapidly into a flame. Brighter and brighter it became, and lit up the scene—which was one of those men do not easily forget—as with the glare of the noonday sun.

Grouped round the flame, and out of range, were our foes—their swarthy skins and snaky hair glistened in the fire-light; and they brandished lances, and screamed with delight at the destruction they had caused.

Dogs were barking, and the horses in the corral neighing shrilly and rearing with terror—some fighting desperately to escape.

I looked at my companion's face; it was very pale, and the expression decidedly ugly.

"Look!" he said, hoarsely. "Here comes an embassador. Good Heaven! look!"

I turned with astonishment; but the sickening sight I saw fully accounted for Dick's excitement and rage.

A nearly naked Indian was boldly advancing toward us, and bearing before him a burden, which effectually secured, as he meant it to do, his immunity from our shots.

A beautiful white girl of about seventeen was lying helpless in his arms. Her hands were bound behind her back, and masses of coal-black hair encircled a face showing deadly terror and horror in every feature, and drooped nearly to the ground over the savage's arm. Her dress, torn from one white shoulder, showed how hard had been the first ineffectual struggle against her captors.

As the Indian crossed the ditch (they had cut the rope which held up the draw-bridge in the first attack) with his burden, Dick, with a deep groan, recognized her. "It is Rosita, Don Ramon's daughter!" he broke out. "I love her, Alfred, and will save her or die with her. Listen!" he continued, hurriedly. "This rascal has come to make some proposal to us. Keep your eye on him; and the moment you get a fair chance, fire at him. If you kill *her*, it is the better fate. When I hear the shot I will throw open the window (which I can do more easily than the door), and try for a rescue. But, for Heaven's sake, don't leave the roof. Our only hope is in your being able to keep off the others, who will rush from the ditch. Good-by."

And he was down the ladder before I could speak, leaving his hat cunningly adjusted above the parapet. Poor Dick! all his coolness and *sang froid* had vanished now! I myself was not in a pleasant predicament. To carry out his half-mad scheme involved my running a terrible risk of shooting my friend's sweet-heart, which at any other time would have appeared impossible; but when I read the agony and loathing in the poor girl's eyes I braced my nerves, set my teeth, laid my rifle ready, and inwardly swore that no trembling of *my* hand should mar her deliverance.

And now the savage, a truculent-looking brute, raised his voice, and demanded, in broken Spanish, a surrender. He threatened us with all the tortures his ingenious fraternity are so justly proud of having invented, in case of obstinacy, and bid us look upon his captive, for that she, too, should suffer for us. As he said this he grasped the girl's hair brutally, and raised her head. With a sudden spring of pain and fright she threw herself out of his arms, and fell to the ground. His time and mine had come. As he stooped my bullet laid him dead by the side of his intended victim. Dick made his rush from the window, and the Indians theirs from the ditch, as he had predicted; but, as Rosita was rather nearer to the house than the ditch, he managed to reach her first, and was retreating with her in his arms. And now all depended upon me. My first shot, aimed at the foremost of the assailants, missed him clean; and before I could seize the other rifle he had made a vicious thrust at Dick, who, encumbered as he was, was quite helpless. The lance passed through Rosita's dress, luckily without injury to the wearer; and as the savage drew back for a cooler and surer thrust, I had the inexpressible pleasure of lodging a bullet in his body, which effectually prevented any further lance exercise from him.

Then I heard a heavy fall in the room below. Dick had thrown his burden clean through the open window, at the risk of breaking a limb, and turning, found himself engaged hand to hand with a dozen Indians. He set his back against the wall, and drew his revolver with his right hand, receiving as he did so a spear-thrust through his left arm; but his and my revolver, fortunately reserved until now, played among the attacking party, and a man was dropping at every shot; so they drew off. Dick managed, with a great effort, to drag himself through the window, and then fainted away from loss of blood and exhaustion; and when I ran down the ladder to make fast the window again, I found him comfortably reclining with his head in Rosita's lap, the latter having been stunned by her unceremonious entry. But I could not stay to help here; my post was on the roof. I hurried up the ladder, noticing for the first time that I had myself suffered in the scrimmage to the extent of a slight flesh-wound from a bullet. The fight was over. Throughout the remainder of the night the Indians lingered about, and stole most of the horses and some sheep, but they had not pluck again to encounter the deadly breech-loaders. Seldom, indeed, had such a severe lesson been taught them; and when the glorious sun rose (never sight more welcome) we saw them ride beaten off the field, bearing with them five of the slain; six other corpses were lying in front of the window, where the fiercest struggle had been, and two more were afterward found, who had crawled into the ditch like wild animals to die.

We learned from the pretty Rosita, whose gratitude was most touching, that she had been captured while walking in the orange garden near her father's house, a short time before we were attacked.

"You, noble caballeros," she said, "have preserved me from death, and from what is far worse. God will reward you, for I can never."

I think Dick, however, was of a different opinion; at all events he has always seemed remarkably satisfied with the reward he persuaded her to make him.

Some years have passed since that eventful night. Dick and Rosita are living at Don Ramon's estancia, that worthy old gentleman having departed this life shortly after their marriage. I, too, am with them as a partner in the land, flocks, and herds, of which we have a goodly quantity; and whenever the increasing stock of little Dicks and Rositas ask me, as they invariably do of an evening, to tell them a story, I know that nothing less will content them than a full, true, and particular account of the night attack.

THE GREEK BRIGANDS.

WE give this week, on page 372, several additional illustrations relating to the sad tragedy of which we gave a full account in the last Number of the *Weekly*—one representing the scene of the capture, at the moment when the brigands surprised their victims; another, the funeral at Athens, with the youthful King of Greece walking bareheaded in the procession. The smaller illustrations give the portraits of two of the murdered men, and those of seven of the decapitated brigands, whose heads were exposed, after execution, in the pillory at Athens, in the manner shown in our illustration.

SHOOTING-STARS.

A COMET which follows in space the same route as a swarm of shooting-stars must be regarded as forming an integral part of that swarm. It is no other than a local concentration of the matter of the swarm—a concentration sufficiently intense to render its mass visible, even at great distances from the earth. It follows that shooting-stars are of the same nature as comets. They consist of small masses of cometary matter, which circulate in space, unperceived by us in consequence of their diminutive size, and only become visible when they penetrate the earth's atmosphere. Like comets, or at least like the less dense portion of those heavenly bodies, they are in the state of gas. All observers are aware that the fixed stars are visible, without any sensible diminution of their brightness, through the tails of comets. Shooting-stars present the same degree of transparency.

We are now, therefore, enabled to form a clear idea of the nature and cause of the phenomenon of shooting-stars, which may be stated in the following terms:

Masses of nebulous matter, scattered throughout the stellar spaces, and presenting a high degree of diffusion, are brought within the limits of our planetary system by the paramount influence of the sun. At the same time, whether by the same action of the sun or of the large planets near which they pass, they undergo a progressive change of form, in consequence of which they are drawn out and lengthened into parabolic or elliptic streams or bands. By reason of their extreme diffuseness, the matter of which they are composed is far from occupying the totality of the space throughout which their diverse portions are scattered. Instead of that, it is divided into a multitude of partial masses, a sort of flakes of excessive lightness, lying more or less apart from one another, and having nothing in common but the simultaneousness of their movements in directions, and with velocities which scarcely differ from each other.

When the earth, in her travels through space, meets with one of these streams or bands, a great number of the vapory flakes composing it penetrate our atmosphere. The great velocity with which this penetration takes place gives rise to a sudden and considerable compression of the masses of air lying in the path of these ethereal projectiles; whence a great development of heat, and perhaps inflammation of the matter of the projectiles themselves, if that matter be of a nature to combine with one of the elements of our atmospheric air. Hence, also, those rapid luminous trains beheld in the sky, which cease when the temperature produced is sufficiently lowered, either by the slackening of these little gaseous masses arrested in their course by the earth's atmosphere, or by the cessation of their combustion in the midst of that same atmosphere.

A meteoric stream which crosses the earth's orbit at one point of its circuit, and whose different portions take several years to pass this point of meeting, ought to be traversed by the earth every year at the same epoch. Hence the periodical flushes of shooting-stars which annually occur with variable intensity, according to the varying closeness to each other of the nebulous flakes in the different portions of the stream which the earth successively encounters. As to the shooting-stars called "sporadic," they may be the result either of nebulous flakes arriving singly from the depths of space, or rather of the portions of meteoric streams which have been closely approached by different planets, but still without being absorbed into their atmospheres, and which have consequently been dispersed in all directions by the powerful attractions which they have momentarily experienced from those planetary masses.

The resistance which the air opposes to the movement of the little wandering masses which appear to us in the shape of shooting-stars usually produces no more than a rapid decrease of their velocity; but exceptions to the absolute regularity of that resistance may occasionally occur, causing those changes of direction by virtue of which shooting-stars sometimes appear to dart in a serpentine or even an abruptly altered path. As to the action of atmospheric currents or winds, to which the eccentric motions of a few shooting-stars have been attributed, it is evidently incapable of producing any sensible effect, in consequence of the exceedingly great difference between the feeble speed of those atmospheric currents and the enormous velocity of the little nebulous masses which traverse them.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"MUSIC on the Mall" is an announcement which indicates that the Central Park season has fully commenced. Last Saturday week was "opening day" for these popular concerts; though lilacs and magnolias, birds and goats, elephants and camels, swans and ducks, gondolas, mineral springs, base-ball grounds, and the like, opened long ago. There is scarcely any entertainment more popular than an open-air concert, where the music itself is fine, and all the surroundings are delightful, as they pre-eminently are in this Garden of New York City. The recent inauguration of musical entertainments in other parks of the city will prove highly gratifying to many.

The new Park Commissioners apparently intend to spare nothing which may contribute to the entertainment of our citizens during the summer months. Special bureaus have been organized, each of which is held responsible for the performance of its special work, and weekly instruction is received by them and reports rendered.

The Park carriages, in which a delightful drive of between one and two hours is given for twenty-five cents, have become so popular that it is often difficult to secure seats in them. Application can be made in advance. The carriages are very comfortable and pleasant, and start from the Fifth and Eighth Avenue entrances every twenty minutes. It is quite a fashionable amusement for little people to take a drive on the Mall in the goat-carriages, and, if appearances are a test, they enjoy it highly. Saturday afternoon is the grand gala time in the Central Park; while before breakfast in the morning is the quietest hour in all the day, when one may enjoy almost in solitude the loveliness of the place.

A shocking casualty recently occurred which should serve as another warning against the careless use of explosive compounds. Benzine had been freely used about the cracks of a floor to destroy the vermin infesting the room. A woman went into the room with a lighted candle, intending to scatter about more of the fluid, a can of which she carried with her. The apartment was, of course, filled with the vapor of the benzine with which the floor was saturated, and an instant explosion occurred, enveloping the unfortunate woman in flames, and causing frightful injuries. It is time that every one should understand the nature of these explosive compounds, and the danger in using them.

Albany furnishes an instance of extraordinary economy, or rather, perhaps, of ridiculous attempt at style. A man went to an undertaker to borrow a valuable casket, covered with velvet, to use at the funeral of his brother, proposing to take the body out after the funeral, place it in a plain pine coffin, and return the casket to the undertaker. It is to the credit of the Albany undertaker that he did not approve that method of conducting funerals.

What a pity we can not have celery all the year around! It is recommended most strongly as a remedy for nervousness. By a daily use of it, those engaged in labor weakening the nerves, or who are afflicted with palpitation of the heart, are assured of relief. When celery is out of season onions are said to be an excellent substitute.

Learn a little bit of French before you attempt to satisfy your hunger at a Parisian restaurant. An American who went to get his dinner in Paris could think of no French phrase in which to give his order. He only knew a few stray words, but was unable to put them together properly. At last he stammered out, "*J'ai faim*," but pronounced the last word so that the waiter understood him to say, "*J'ai femme*," and supposing that he wished to wait for a female companion, left him. After waiting a long time, seeing that the waiter did not seem disposed to attend to his wants, and thinking that he must have made some mistake in the grammatical construction of his sentence, the man rang again, and this time said to the waiter, "*Je suis faim*," pronouncing the last word *femme*, as before. The waiter started in astonishment, and having surveyed the man from head to foot, hastened to the cashier and assured him that the big-whiskered fellow at table No. 3 must be insane, "for he says he's a *woman*."

A Mrs. Simpson, of Toledo, has invested in the lumber business. She is a widow, and can therefore do as she pleases, without "let or hindrance," as the lawyers say. She not only attends personally to her own buying and selling, but owns a canal-boat, goes into the woods, purchases trees standing, hires her men, and does it all in the regular way. She does not ask for advance payments, but when her contracts are fulfilled, "cash down" is her rule.

Romance of a sprained ankle. Place, St. Louis. Dramatis personæ, a young clerk, young lady school-teacher, and a dog. Time, evening. The couple—the dog not yet on the scene—were very properly going to church, and quietly enjoying each other's society, when suddenly a ferocious dog jumped over a fence and attacked the lady. The young man gave the brute a blow that sent him yelping away, but in the moment of victory fell, and sprained his ankle. The young lady did not faint or make a fuss. She ordered a hack, helped her lover in, accompanied him to his room, dressed his ankle, watched over him during the night, and next day went for a friend and the minister, and married the young clerk in the evening. The arrangement was satisfactory all around.

It is said that there is a manufactory in Birmingham, England, which still does a good business in making that light of other days—the despised old tinder-box! Who buys them, we wonder?

Is not some reform needed in regard to the manner of conducting the popular game of base-ball, or in the instruments used? A young boy of fifteen was killed at Dover, New Hampshire, a couple of weeks ago, while engaged in this game, the ball striking him on the head. This sad accident carries with it a lesson which should be heeded.

One fine morning last winter a planter from the uncultivated interior of Florida came into the city of Jacksonville, bringing with him a negro of whom he wanted to dispose. He said he wanted to raise a little cash, and so had brought "the boy" along to sell. Asked $1000 for him. He was utterly unaware that there had been a war, and that slavery had been abolished; and, when told that such was the case, thought that his informants were playing a joke on him, and for a while refused to believe it. His plantation was in the interior, his nearest neighbor was fifty miles distant, and in all the years that have elapsed since Sumter's gun he had not heard from the outer world, knew nothing of the changes that had taken place. "The boy" was speedily informed that he was a free man, and his quondam master gave a reluctant consent for him to go, and he himself departed to his solitary plantation.

Thirty years ago Alvin Adams began to run an express between New York and Boston. He did his own work, and the way-bill on the first trip did not amount to four dollars. This was the humble beginning of a business of immense wealth and importance.

A pound of fried meat, says one who has studied up the matter, does not contain so much nutriment as four ounces of broiled meat; nevertheless, many people will have their fry—and dyspepsia!

"Harriet," said a member of a Massachusetts House Committee to his wife, one night, "which had you rather have me to do, bring home to you $20,000 for pin-money, or an honest husband?" The wife replied, "Thomas, an honest husband." The committee man had been offered $20,000 to sign a certain document, and he reported the above conversation to his colleagues, in explanation of his refusal to sign.

A spiritual medium solemnly announces that the song of "Shoo, Fly, don't bodder me!" was originally composed by the ghost of Lord Byron, and addressed to Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Newark must have the credit of getting up the greatest novelty in the style of a church. The main floor will be like ordinary houses of worship, having four aisles and a full complement of pews. But in the gallery, which extends around the whole building, there are to be twenty-nine compartments or "stage-boxes" for families, each capable of containing twelve chairs, with a table in the centre for hats and books. These are doubtless for the aristocratic portion of the congregation.

A revised translation of the New Testament has been issued which professes to be "literal." Some portions read like passages from a modern novel. Mark, v. 39, is translated "The young lady [instead of the damsel] is not dead, but sleeps;" and in Luke, xv. 11, the story of the prodigal son begins, "A gentleman of splendid family and fortune had two sons."

An Italian, who had reached the age of 110, being asked how he had preserved his health so long, replied:

"When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."

The New Orleans *Times* gives an account of "one of the most remarkable events in the history of the telegraph," which recently occurred in the main office of the Western Union Company, in that city. It has long been a mooted question among experts of the telegraphic profession whether or not it were possible to transmit signals through a circuit of a length exceeding 2000 miles, and using more than two or three repeaters, with any degree of safety to the commercial business. But a week or two ago a combination circuit was formed, varying in length from three to five thousand miles, through which messages were sent with great ease and rapidity. The first circuit formed was from New Orleans, *via* New York, to Plaister Cove, Nova Scotia, the terminus of the Atlantic cable, a distance of 3000 miles. The operators, thus widely separated, chatted together with perfect ease, the signals coming rapidly and with great distinctness. Another circuit of still greater length was made up, which is regarded as the longest land circuit through which intelligible signals were ever sent. Nine repeaters were used. The message was returned to New Orleans almost as clearly as it left the office, having passed through eighteen States and over 4800 miles of wire.

It is reported that Louisa Mühlbach, the well-known German novel-writer, has accepted an invitation from the Viceroy of Egypt to spend a few months in his domains, and collect materials for a book about that country.

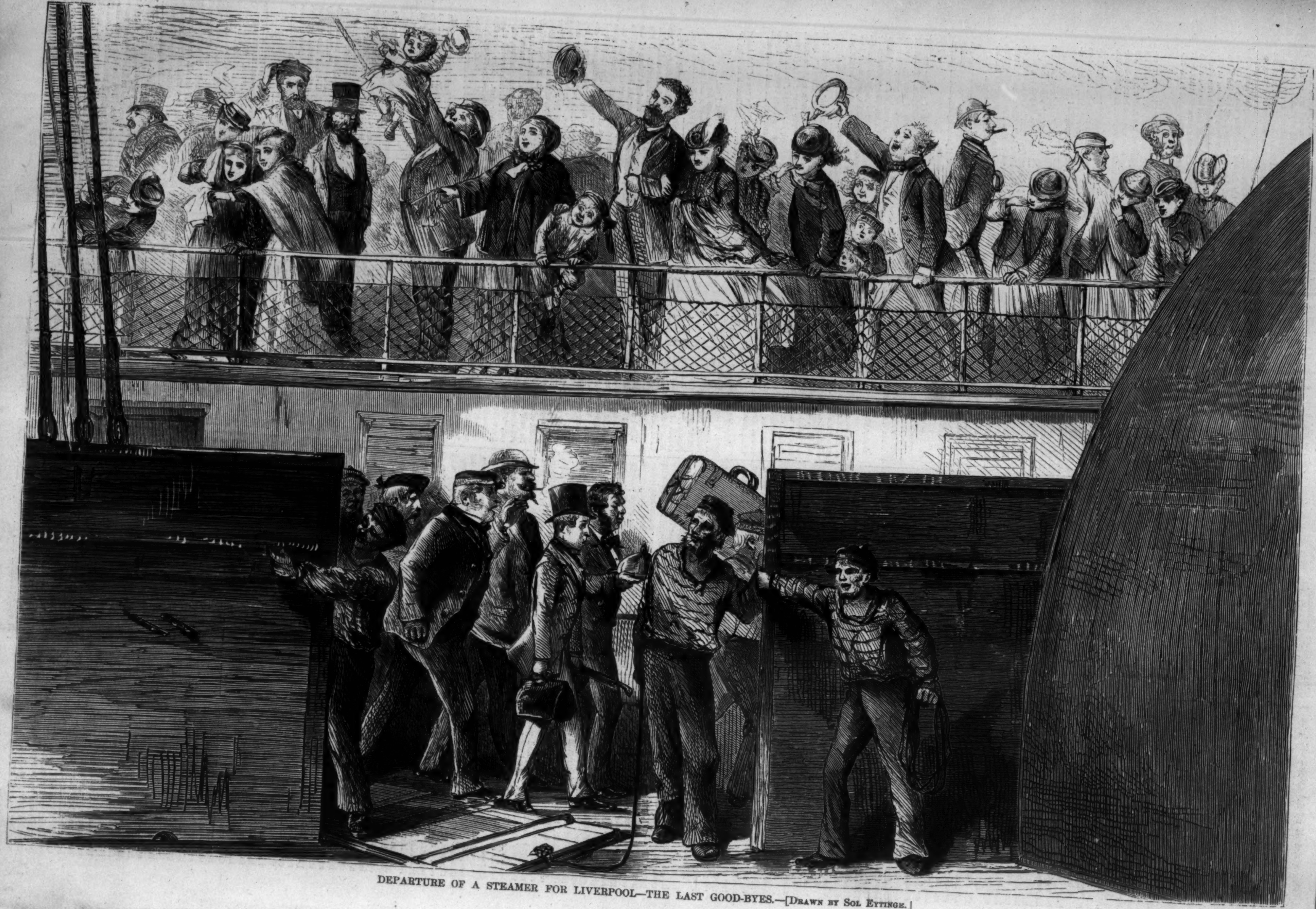
Here is a pleasant item for tobacco consumers. In Paris one often sees some person in the streets picking up bits of cigars which have been dropped by smokers. Waiters at the cafés obtain quite a revenue by the refuse of cigars found under the tables, and which they sell to those who understand the business. The gatherer and purchaser of these bits retires with his harvest to some secluded spot, and with a sharp knife carefully hashes the cigar-ends into minute fragments. It is then put into little boxes or made up into packets, and sold at a cheap rate. Two or three hundred persons in Paris are devoted to the business of picking up cigars.

The young men of Naples have an opportunity once a year of selecting a wife, provided they can prove that they are able to maintain one. On Lady-day, March 25, the Foundling Hospital of the Annunziata is thrown open, and all the girls who have arrived at a marriageable age are gathered in one room, where the cavaliers are allowed to enter. When a young man sees a girl whom he desires to make his wife he drops his handkerchief in front of her; if she accepts his suit she picks it up, and they walk off arm in arm, to signify their intention to the authorities, and to make preparations for their marriage. Strange to say, these marriages usually turn out happily.

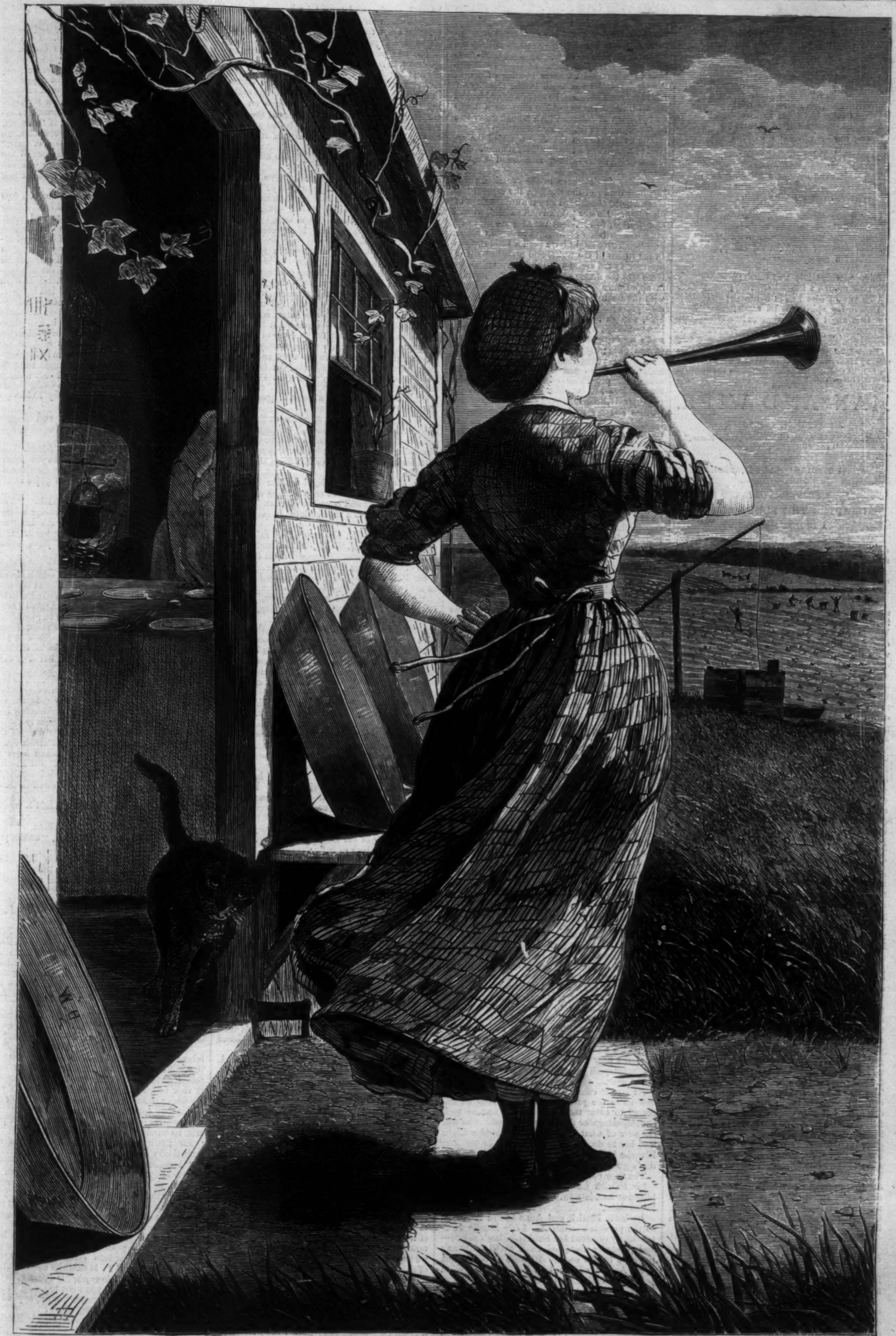
Though not an advocate of "woman's rights" in general, Miss Olive Logan is sufficiently strong-minded to maintain her own. The Lecture Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of Iowa City having notified her that they had canceled their engagement with her, she immediately telegraphed to them as follows:

"Y. M. C. A.—I shall lecture in your city on the 16th. Make your arrangements accordingly. I shall positively hold you to your contract.

"OLIVE LOGAN."]



DEPARTURE OF A STEAMER FOR LIVERPOOL—THE LAST GOOD-BYES.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge.]



THE DINNER HORN.—[Drawn by Winslow Homer.]

ISABEL.

Soft waves of warm brown hair,
  With gold lights shining through,
Shading a face as sweetly fair
As ever fancy framed in air,
  As ever painter drew.

Sweet spirit, frank and true,
  With love, with kindness rife;
What tender heart but to thee drew!
What kindly eye but in thee knew
  The sunshine of our life!

Sweet Spring, bright Summer past,
  And Autumn come again;
The west wind's spoils are falling fast;
What is our change brought with that blast?
  Why fall our tears like rain?

Only a new-turned heap,
  One little grave, new made:
Bare is the earth o'er which we weep;
Never a flower to pluck and keep,
  Never a grassy blade.

Silence, where late was mirth;
  One mother's heart half-riven;
One vacant seat beside a hearth;
One loving spirit less on earth;
  One angel more in heaven!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOURTEENTH SCENE.—PORTLAND PLACE.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

A SCOTCH MARRIAGE.

It was Saturday, the third of October—the day on which the assertion of Arnold's marriage to Anne Silvester was to be put to the proof.

Toward two o'clock in the afternoon Blanche and her step-mother entered the drawing-room of Lady Lundie's town house in Portland Place.

Since the previous evening the weather had altered for the worse. The rain, which had set in from an early hour that morning, still fell. Viewed from the drawing-room windows, the desolation of Portland Place in the dead season wore its aspect of deepest gloom. The dreary opposite houses were all shut up; the black mud was inches deep in the roadway; the soot, floating in tiny black particles, mixed with the falling rain, and heightened the dirty obscurity of the rising mist. Foot-passengers and vehicles, succeeding each other at rare intervals, left great gaps of silence absolutely uninterrupted by sound. Even the grinders of organs were mute; and the wandering dogs of the street were too wet to bark. Looking back from the view out of Lady Lundie's state windows to the view in Lady Lundie's state room, the melancholy that reigned without was more than matched by the melancholy that reigned within. The house had been shut up for the season: it had not been considered necessary, during its mistress's brief visit, to disturb the existing state of things. Coverings of dim brown hue shrouded the furniture. The chandeliers hung invisible in enormous bags. The silent clocks hibernated under extinguishers dropped over them two months since. The tables, drawn up in corners—loaded with ornaments at other times—had nothing but pen, ink, and paper (suggestive of the coming proceedings) placed on them now. The smell of the house was musty; the voice of the house was still. One melancholy maid haunted the bedrooms up stairs, like a ghost. One melancholy man, appointed to admit the visitors, sat solitary in the lower regions—the last of the flunkies, mouldering in an extinct servants' hall. Not a word passed, in the drawing-room, between Lady Lundie and Blanche. Each waited the appearance of the persons concerned in the coming inquiry, absorbed in her own thoughts. Their situation at the moment was a solemn burlesque of the situation of two ladies who are giving an evening party, and who are waiting to receive their guests. Did neither of them see this? Or, seeing it, did they shrink from acknowledging it? In similar positions, who does not shrink? The occasions are many on which we have excellent reason to laugh when the tears are in our eyes; but only children are bold enough to follow the impulse. So strangely, in human existence, does the mockery of what is serious mingle with the serious reality itself, that nothing but our own self-respect preserves our gravity at some of the most important emergencies in our lives. The two ladies waited the coming ordeal together gravely, as became the occasion. The silent maid flitted noiseless up stairs. The silent man waited motionless in the lower regions. Outside, the street was a desert. Inside, the house was a tomb.

The church clock struck the hour. Two.

At the same moment the first of the persons concerned in the investigation arrived.

Lady Lundie waited composedly for the opening of the drawing-room door. Blanche started, and trembled. Was it Arnold? Was it Anne?

The door opened—and Blanche drew a breath of relief. The first arrival was only Lady Lundie's solicitor—invited to attend the proceedings on her ladyship's behalf. He was one of that large class of purely mechanical and perfectly mediocre persons connected with the practice of the law who will probably, in a more advanced state of science, be superseded by machinery. He made himself useful in altering the arrangement of the tables and chairs, so as to keep the contending parties effectually separated from each other. He also entreated Lady Lundie to bear in mind that he knew nothing of Scotch law, and that he was there in the capacity of friend only. This done, he sat down, and looked out with silent interest at the rain—as if it was an operation of Nature which he had never had an opportunity of inspecting before.

The next knock at the door heralded the arrival of a visitor of a totally different order. The melancholy man-servant announced Captain Newenden.

Possibly, in deference to the occasion, possibly, in defiance of the weather, the captain had taken another backward step toward the days of his youth. He was painted and padded, wigged and dressed, to represent the abstract idea of a male human being of five-and-twenty in robust health. There might have been a little stiffness in the region of the waist, and a slight want of firmness in the eyelid and the chin. Otherwise there was the fiction of five-and-twenty, founded in appearance on the fact of five-and-thirty—with the truth invisible behind it, counting seventy years! Wearing a flower in his button-hole, and carrying a jaunty little cane in his hand—brisk, rosy, smiling, perfumed—the captain's appearance brightened the dreary room. It was pleasantly suggestive of a morning visit from an idle young man. He appeared to be a little surprised to find Blanche present on the scene of approaching conflict. Lady Lundie thought it due to herself to explain. "My step-daughter is here in direct defiance of my entreaties and my advice. Persons may present themselves whom it is, in my opinion, improper she should see. Revelations will take place which no young woman, in her position, should hear. She insists on it, Captain Newenden—and I am obliged to submit."

The captain shrugged his shoulders, and showed his beautiful teeth.

Blanche was far too deeply interested in the coming ordeal to care to defend herself: she looked as if she had not even heard what her step-mother had said of her. The solicitor remained absorbed in the interesting view of the falling rain. Lady Lundie asked after Mrs. Glenarm. The captain, in reply, described his niece's anxiety as something—something—something, in short, only to be indicated by shaking his ambrosial curls and waving his jaunty cane. Mrs. Delamayn was staying with her until her uncle returned with the news. And where was Julius? Detained in Scotland by election business. And Lord and Lady Holchester? Lord and Lady Holchester knew nothing about it.

There was another knock at the door. Blanche's pale face turned paler still. Was it Arnold? Was it Anne? After a longer delay than usual, the servant announced Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn and Mr. Moy.

Geoffrey, slowly entering first, saluted the two ladies in silence, and noticed no one else. The London solicitor, withdrawing himself for a moment from the absorbing prospect of the rain, pointed to the places reserved for the new-comer and for the legal adviser whom he had brought with him. Geoffrey seated himself, without so much as a glance round the room. Leaning his elbows on his knees, he vacantly traced patterns on the carpet with his clumsy oaken walking-stick. Stolid indifference expressed itself in his lowering brow and his loosely-hanging mouth. The loss of the race, and the circumstances accompanying it, appeared to have made him duller than usual and heavier than usual—and that was all.

Captain Newenden, approaching to speak to him, stopped half-way, hesitated, thought better of it—and addressed himself to Mr. Moy.

Geoffrey's legal adviser—a Scotchman of the ruddy, ready, and convivial type—cordially met the advance. He announced, in reply to the captain's inquiry, that the witnesses (Mrs. Inchbare and Bishopriggs) were waiting below until they were wanted, in the housekeeper's room. Had there been any difficulty in finding them? Not the least. Mrs. Inchbare was, as a matter of course, at her hotel. Inquiries being set on foot for Bishopriggs, it appeared that he and the landlady had come to an understanding, and that he had returned to his old post of head-waiter at the inn. The captain and Mr. Moy kept up the conversation between them, thus begun, with unflagging ease and spirit. Theirs were the only voices heard in the trying interval that elapsed before the next knock was heard at the door.

At last it came. There could be no doubt now as to the persons who might next be expected to enter the room. Lady Lundie took her step-daughter firmly by the hand. She was not sure of what Blanche's first impulse might lead her to do. For the first time in her life, Blanche left her hand willingly in her step-mother's grasp.

The door opened, and they came in.

Sir Patrick Lundie entered first, with Anne Silvester on his arm. Arnold Brinkworth followed them.

Both Sir Patrick and Anne bowed in silence to the persons assembled. Lady Lundie ceremoniously returned her brother-in-law's salute—and pointedly abstained from noticing Anne's presence in the room. Blanche never looked up. Arnold advanced to her, with his hand held out. Lady Lundie rose, and motioned him back. "Not *yet*, Mr. Brinkworth!" she said, in her most quietly merciless manner. Arnold stood, heedless of her, looking at his wife. His wife lifted her eyes to his; the tears rose in them on the instant. Arnold's dark complexion turned ashy pale under the effort that it cost him to command himself. "I won't distress you," he said, gently—and turned back again to the table at which Sir Patrick and Anne were seated together apart from the rest. Sir Patrick took his hand, and pressed it in silent approval.

The one person who took no part, even as spectator, in the events that followed the appearance of Sir Patrick and his companions in the room—was Geoffrey. The only change visible in him was a change in the handling of his walking-stick. Instead of tracing patterns on the carpet, it beat a tattoo. For the rest, there he sat with his heavy head on his breast and his brawny arms on his knees—weary of it by anticipation before it had begun.

Sir Patrick broke the silence. He addressed himself to his sister-in-law.

"Lady Lundie, are all the persons present whom you expected to see here to-day?"

The gathered venom in Lady Lundie seized the opportunity of planting its first sting.

"All whom I expected are here," she answered. "And more than I expected," she added, with a look at Anne.

The look was not returned—was not even seen. From the moment when she had taken her place by Sir Patrick, Anne's eyes had rested on Blanche. They never moved—they never for an instant lost their tender sadness—when the woman who hated her spoke. All that was beautiful and true in that noble nature seemed to find its one sufficient encouragement in Blanche. As she looked once more at the sister of the unforgotten days of old, its native beauty of expression shone out again in her worn and weary face. Every man in the room (but Geoffrey) looked at her; and every man (but Geoffrey) felt for her.

Sir Patrick addressed a second question to his sister-in-law.

"Is there any one here to represent the interests of Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn?" he asked.

Lady Lundie referred Sir Patrick to Geoffrey himself. Without looking up, Geoffrey motioned with his big brown hand to Mr. Moy, sitting by his side.

Mr. Moy (holding the legal rank in Scotland which corresponds to the rank held by solicitors in England) rose and bowed to Sir Patrick, with the courtesy due to a man eminent in his time at the Scottish Bar.

"I represent Mr. Delamayn," he said. "I congratulate myself, Sir Patrick, on having your ability and experience to appeal to in the conduct of the pending inquiry."

Sir Patrick returned the compliment as well as the bow.

"It is I who should learn from you," he answered. "*I* have had time, Mr. Moy, to forget what I once knew."

Lady Lundie looked from one to the other with unconcealed impatience as these formal courtesies were exchanged between the lawyers. "Allow me to remind you, gentlemen, of the suspense that we are suffering at this end of the room," she said. "And permit me to ask when you propose to begin?"

Sir Patrick looked invitingly at Mr. Moy. Mr. Moy looked invitingly at Sir Patrick. More formal courtesies! a polite contest this time as to which of the two learned gentlemen should permit the other to speak first! Mr. Moy's modesty proving to be quite immovable, Sir Patrick ended it by opening the proceedings.

"I am here," he said, "to act on behalf of my friend, Mr. Arnold Brinkworth. I beg to present him to you, Mr. Moy, as the husband of my niece—to whom he was lawfully married on the seventh of September last, at the Church of Saint Margaret, in the parish of Hawley, Kent. I have a copy of the marriage certificate here—if you wish to look at it."

Mr. Moy's modesty declined to look at it.

"Quite needless, Sir Patrick! I admit that a marriage ceremony took place on the date named, between the persons named; but I contend that it was not a valid marriage. I say, on behalf of my client here present (Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn), that Arnold Brinkworth was married at a date prior to the seventh of September last—namely, on the fourteenth of August in this year, and at a place called Craig Fernie, in Scotland—to a lady named Anne Silvester, now living, and present among us (as I understand) at this moment."

Sir Patrick presented Anne. "This is the lady, Mr. Moy."

Mr. Moy bowed, and made a suggestion. "To save needless formalities, Sir Patrick, shall we take the question of identity as established on both sides?"

Sir Patrick agreed with his learned friend. Lady Lundie opened and shut her fan in undisguised impatience. The London solicitor was deeply interested. Captain Newenden, taking out his handkerchief, and using it as a screen, yawned behind it to his heart's content. Sir Patrick resumed.

"You assert the prior marriage," he said to his colleague. "It rests with you to begin."

Mr. Moy cast a preliminary look round him at the persons assembled.

"The object of our meeting here," he said, "is, if I am not mistaken, of a twofold nature. In the first place, it is thought desirable, by a person who has a special interest in the issue of this inquiry" (he glanced at the captain—the captain suddenly became attentive), "to put my client's assertion, relating to Mr. Brinkworth's marriage, to the proof. In the second place, we are all equally desirous—whatever difference of opinion may otherwise exist—to make this informal inquiry a means, if possible, of avoiding the painful publicity which would result from an appeal to a Court of Law."

At those words the gathered venom in Lady Lundie planted its second sting—under cover of a protest addressed to Mr. Moy.

"I beg to inform you, Sir, on behalf of my step-daughter," she said, "that we have nothing to dread from the widest publicity. We consent to be present at, what you call, 'this informal inquiry,' reserving our right to carry the matter beyond the four walls of this room. I am not referring now to Mr. Brinkworth's chance of clearing himself from an odious suspicion which rests upon him, and upon another Person present. That is an after-matter. The object immediately before us—so far as a woman can pretend to understand it—is to establish my step-daughter's right to call Mr. Brinkworth to account in the character of his wife. If the result, so far, fails to satisfy us in that particular, we shall not hesitate to appeal to a Court of Law." She leaned back in her chair, and opened her fan, and looked round her with the air of a woman who called society to witness that she had done her duty.

An expression of pain crossed Blanche's face while her step-mother was speaking. Lady Lundie took her hand for the second time. Blanche resolutely and pointedly withdrew it—Sir Patrick noticing the action with special interest. Before Mr. Moy could say a word in answer, Arnold centred the general attention on himself by suddenly interfering in the proceedings. Blanche looked at him. A bright flush of color appeared on her face—and left it again. Sir Patrick noted the change of color—and observed her more attentively than ever. Arnold's letter to his wife, with time to help it, had plainly shaken her ladyship's influence over Blanche.

"After what Lady Lundie has said, in my wife's presence," Arnold burst out, in his straightforward, boyish way, "I think I ought to be allowed to say a word on my side. I only want to explain how it was I came to go to Craig Fernie at all—and I challenge Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn to deny it, if he can."

His voice rose at the last words, and his eyes brightened with indignation as he looked at Geoffrey.

Mr. Moy appealed to his learned friend.

"With submission, Sir Patrick, to your better judgment," he said, "this young gentleman's proposal seems to be a little out of place at the present stage of the proceedings."

"Pardon me," answered Sir Patrick. "You have yourself described the proceedings as representing an informal inquiry. An informal proposal—with submission to *your* better judgment, Mr. Moy—is hardly out of place, under those circumstances, is it?"

Mr. Moy's inexhaustible modesty gave way, without a struggle. The answer which he received had the effect of puzzling him at the outset of the investigation. A man of Sir Patrick's experience must have known that Arnold's mere assertion of his own innocence could be productive of nothing but useless delay in the proceedings. And yet he sanctioned that delay. Was he privately on the watch for any accidental circumstance which might help him to better a case that he knew to be a bad one?

Permitted to speak, Arnold spoke. The unmistakable accent of truth was in every word that he uttered. He gave a fairly coherent account of events, from the time when Geoffrey had claimed his assistance at the lawn-party to the time when he found himself at the door of the inn at Craig Fernie. There Sir Patrick interfered, and closed his lips. He asked leave to appeal to Geoffrey to confirm him. Sir Patrick amazed Mr. Moy by sanctioning this irregularity also. Arnold sternly addressed himself to Geoffrey.

"Do you deny that what I have said is true?" he asked.

Mr. Moy did his duty by his client. "You are not bound to answer," he said, "unless you wish it yourself."

Geoffrey slowly lifted his heavy head, and confronted the man whom he had betrayed.

"I deny every word of it," he answered—with a stolid defiance of tone and manner.

"Have we had enough of assertion and counter-assertion, Sir Patrick, by this time?" asked Mr. Moy, with undiminished politeness.

After first forcing Arnold—with some little difficulty—to control himself, Sir Patrick raised Mr. Moy's astonishment to the culminating point. For reasons of his own, he determined to strengthen the favorable impression which Arnold's statement had plainly produced on his wife before the inquiry proceeded a step farther.

"I must throw myself on your indulgence, Mr. Moy," he said. "I have not had enough of assertion and counter-assertion, even yet."

Mr. Moy leaned back in his chair, with a mixed expression of bewilderment and resignation. Either his colleague's intellect was in a failing state—or his colleague had some purpose in view which had not openly asserted itself yet. He began to suspect that the right reading of the riddle was involved in the latter of those two alternatives. Instead of entering any fresh protest, he wisely waited and watched.

Sir Patrick went on unblushingly from one irregularity to another.

"I request Mr. Moy's permission to revert to the alleged marriage, on the fourteenth of August, at Craig Fernie," he said. "Arnold Brinkworth! answer for yourself, in the presence of the persons here assembled. In all that you said, and all that you did, while you were at the inn, were you not solely influenced by the wish to make Miss Silvester's position as little painful to her as possible, and by anxiety to carry out the instructions given to you by Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn? Is that the whole truth?"

"That is the whole truth, Sir Patrick."

"On the day when you went to Craig Fernie, had you not, a few hours previously, applied for my permission to marry my niece?"

"I applied for your permission, Sir Patrick; and you gave it me."

"From the moment when you entered the inn to the moment when you left it, were you absolutely innocent of the slightest intention to marry Miss Silvester?"

"No such thing as the thought of marrying Miss Silvester ever entered my head."

"And this you say, on your word of honor as a gentleman?"

"On my word of honor as a gentleman."

Sir Patrick turned to Anne.

"Was it a matter of necessity, Miss Silvester, that you should appear in the assumed character of a married woman—on the fourteenth of August last, at the Craig Fernie inn?"

Anne looked away from Blanche for the first time. She replied to Sir Patrick quietly, readily, firmly—Blanche looking at her, and listening to her with eager interest.

"I went to the inn alone, Sir Patrick. The landlady refused, in the plainest terms, to let me stay there, unless she was first satisfied that I was a married woman."

"Which of the two gentlemen did you expect to join you at the inn—Mr. Arnold Brinkworth, or Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn?"

"Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn."

"When Mr. Arnold Brinkworth came in his place, and said what was necessary to satisfy the scruples of the landlady, you understood that he was acting in your interests, from motives of kindness only, and under the instructions of Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn?"

"I understood that; and I objected as strongly as I could to Mr. Brinkworth placing himself in a false position on my account."

"Did your objection proceed from any knowledge of the Scottish law of marriage, and of the position in which the peculiarities of that law might place Mr. Brinkworth?"

"I had no knowledge of the Scottish law. I had a vague dislike and dread of the deception which Mr. Brinkworth was practicing on the people of the inn. And I feared that it might lead to some possible misinterpretation of me on the part of a person whom I dearly loved."

"That person being my niece?"

"Yes."

"You appealed to Mr. Brinkworth (knowing of his attachment to my niece), in her name, and for her sake, to leave you to shift for yourself?"

"I did."

"As a gentleman who had given his promise to help and protect a lady, in the absence of the person whom she had depended on to join her, he refused to leave you to shift for yourself?"

"Unhappily, he refused on that account."

"From first to last, you were absolutely innocent of the slightest intention to marry Mr. Brinkworth?"

"I answer, Sir Patrick, as Mr. Brinkworth has answered. No such thing as the thought of marrying him ever entered my head."

"And this you say, on your oath as a Christian woman?"

"On my oath as a Christian woman."

Sir Patrick looked round at Blanche. Her face was hidden in her hands. Her step-mother was vainly appealing to her to compose herself.

In the moment of silence that followed, Mr. Moy interfered in the interests of his client.

"I waive my claim, Sir Patrick, to put any questions on my side. I merely desire to remind you, and to remind the company present, that all that we have just heard is mere assertion—on the part of two persons strongly interested in extricating themselves from a position which fatally compromises them both. The marriage which they deny I am now waiting to prove—not by assertion, on my side, but by appeal to competent witnesses."

After a brief consultation with her own solicitor, Lady Lundie followed Mr. Moy, in stronger language still.

"I wish you to understand, Sir Patrick, before you proceed any farther, that I shall remove my step-daughter from the room if any more attempts are made to harrow her feelings and mislead her judgment. I want words to express my sense of this most cruel and unfair way of conducting the inquiry."

The London lawyer followed, stating his professional approval of his client's view. "As her ladyship's legal adviser," he said, "I support the protest which her ladyship has just made."

Even Captain Newenden agreed in the general disapproval of Sir Patrick's conduct. "Hear, hear!" said the captain, when the lawyer had spoken. "Quite right. I must say, quite right."

Apparently impenetrable to all due sense of his position, Sir Patrick addressed himself to Mr. Moy, as if nothing had happened.

"Do you wish to produce your witnesses at once?" he asked. "I have not the least objection to meet your views—on the understanding that I am permitted to return to the proceedings as interrupted at this point."

Mr. Moy considered. The adversary (there could be no doubt of it by this time) had something in reserve—and the adversary had not yet shown his hand. It was more immediately important to lead him into doing this than to insist on rights and privileges of the purely formal sort. Nothing could shake the strength of the position which Mr. Moy occupied. The longer Sir Patrick's irregularities delayed the proceedings, the more irresistibly the plain facts of the case would assert themselves—with all the force of contrast—out of the mouths of the witnesses who were in attendance down stairs. He determined to wait.

"Reserving my right of objection, Sir Patrick," he answered, "I beg you to go on."

To the surprise of every body, Sir Patrick addressed himself directly to Blanche—quoting the language in which Lady Lundie had spoken to him, with perfect composure of tone and manner.

"You know me well enough, my dear," he said, "to be assured that I am incapable of willingly harrowing your feelings or misleading your judgment. I have a question to ask you, which you can answer or not, entirely as you please."

Before he could put the question there was a momentary contest between Lady Lundie and her legal adviser. Silencing her ladyship (not without difficulty), the London lawyer interposed. He also begged leave to reserve the right of objection, so far as *his* client was concerned.

Sir Patrick assented by a sign, and proceeded to put his question to Blanche.

"You have heard what Arnold Brinkworth has said, and what Miss Silvester has said," he resumed. "The husband who loves you, and the sisterly friend who loves you, have each made a solemn declaration. Recall your past experience of both of them; remember what they have just said; and now tell me—do you believe they have spoken falsely?"

Blanche answered on the instant.

"I believe, uncle, they have spoken the truth!"

Both the lawyers registered their objections. Lady Lundie made another attempt to speak, and was stopped once more—this time by Mr. Moy as well as by her own adviser. Sir Patrick went on.

"Do you feel any doubt as to the entire propriety of your husband's conduct and your friend's conduct, now you have seen them and heard them, face to face?"

Blanche answered again, with the same absence of reserve.

"I ask them to forgive me," she said. "I believe I have done them both a great wrong."

She looked at her husband first—then at Anne. Arnold attempted to leave his chair. Sir Patrick firmly restrained him. "Wait!" he whispered. "You don't know what is coming." Having said that, he turned toward Anne. Blanche's look had gone to the heart of the faithful woman who loved her. Anne's face was turned away—the tears were forcing themselves through the worn weak hands that tried vainly to hide them.

The formal objections of the lawyers were registered once more. Sir Patrick addressed himself to his niece for the last time.

"You believe what Arnold Brinkworth has said; you believe what Miss Silvester has said. You know that not even the thought of marriage was in the mind of either of them, at the inn. You know—whatever else may happen in the future—that there is not the most remote possibility of either of them consenting to acknowledge that they ever have been, or ever can be, Man and Wife. Is that enough for you? Are you willing, before this inquiry proceeds any farther, to take your husband's hand; to return to your husband's protection; and to leave the rest to me—satisfied with my assurance that, on the facts as they happened, not even the Scotch Law can prove the monstrous assertion of the marriage at Craig Fernie to be true?"

Lady Lundie rose. Both the lawyers rose. Arnold sat lost in astonishment. Geoffrey himself—brutishly careless thus far of all that had passed—lifted his head with a sudden start. In the midst of the profound impression thus produced, Blanche, on whose decision the whole future course of the inquiry now turned, answered in these words:

"I hope you will not think me ungrateful, uncle. I am sure that Arnold has not, knowingly, done me any wrong. But I can't go back to him until I am first *certain* that I am his wife."

Lady Lundie embraced her step-daughter, with a sudden outburst of affection. "My dear child!" exclaimed her ladyship, fervently. "Well done, my own dear child!"

Sir Patrick's head dropped on his breast. "Oh, Blanche! Blanche!" Arnold heard him whisper to himself; "if you only knew what you are forcing me to!"

Mr. Moy put in his word, on Blanche's side of the question.

"I must most respectfully express my approval also of the course which the young lady has taken," he said. "A more dangerous compromise than the compromise which we have just heard suggested it is difficult to imagine. With all deference to Sir Patrick Lundie, his opinion of the impossibility of proving the marriage at Craig Fernie remains to be confirmed as the right one. My own professional opinion is opposed to it. The opinion of another Scottish lawyer (in Glasgow) is, to my certain knowledge, opposed to it. If the young lady had not acted with a wisdom and courage which do her honor, she might have lived to see the day when her reputation would have been destroyed, and her children declared illegitimate. Who is to say that circumstances may not happen in the future which may force Mr. Brinkworth or Miss Silvester—one or the other—to assert the very marriage which they repudiate now? Who is to say that interested relatives (property being concerned here) may not, in the lapse of years, discover motives of their own for questioning the asserted marriage in Kent? I acknowledge that I envy the immense self-confidence which emboldens Sir Patrick to venture, what he is willing to venture upon his own individual opinion on an undecided point of law."

He sat down amidst a murmur of approval, and cast a slyly-expectant look at his defeated adversary. "If *that* doesn't irritate him into showing his hand," thought Mr. Moy, "nothing will!"

Sir Patrick slowly raised his head. There was no irritation—there was only distress in his face—when he spoke next.

"I don't propose, Mr. Moy, to argue the point with you," he said, gently. "I can understand that my conduct must necessarily appear strange and even blameworthy, not in your eyes only, but in the eyes of others. My young friend here will tell you" (he looked toward Arnold) "that the view which you express as to the future peril involved in this case was once the view in my mind too, and that in what I have done thus far I have acted in direct contradiction to advice which I myself gave at no very distant period. Excuse me, if you please, from entering (for the present at least) into the motive which has influenced me from the time when I entered this room. My position is one of unexampled responsibility and of indescribable distress. May I appeal to that statement to stand as my excuse, if I plead for a last extension of indulgence toward the last irregularity of which I shall be guilty, in connection with these proceedings?"

Lady Lundie alone resisted the unaffected and touching dignity with which those words were spoken.

"We have had enough of irregularity," she said, sternly. "I, for one, object to more."

Sir Patrick waited patiently for Mr. Moy's reply. The Scotch lawyer and the English lawyer looked at each other—and understood each other. Mr. Moy answered for both.

"We don't presume to restrain you, Sir Patrick, by other limits than those which, as a gentleman, you impose on yourself. Subject," added the cautious Scotchman, "to the right of objection which we have already reserved."

"Do you object to my speaking to your client?" asked Sir Patrick.

"To Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn?"

"Yes."

All eyes turned on Geoffrey. He was sitting half asleep, as it seemed—with his heavy hands hanging listlessly over his knees, and his chin resting on the hooked handle of his stick.

Looking toward Anne, when Sir Patrick pronounced Geoffrey's name, Mr. Moy saw a change in her. She withdrew her hands from her face, and turned suddenly toward her legal adviser. Was she in the secret of the carefully concealed object at which his opponent had been aiming from the first? Mr. Moy decided to put that doubt to the test. He invited Sir Patrick, by a gesture, to proceed. Sir Patrick addressed himself to Geoffrey.

"You are seriously interested in this inquiry," he said; "and you have taken no part in it yet. Take a part in it now. Look at this lady."

Geoffrey never moved.

"I've seen enough of her already," he said, brutally.

"You may well be ashamed to look at her," said Sir Patrick, quietly. "But you might have acknowledged it in fitter words. Carry your memory back to the fourteenth of August. Do you deny that you promised to marry Miss Silvester privately at the Craig Fernie inn?"

"I object to that question," said Mr. Moy. "My client is under no sort of obligation to answer it."

Geoffrey's rising temper—ready to resent any thing—resented his adviser's interference. "I shall answer if I like," he retorted, insolently. He looked up for a moment at Sir Patrick, without moving his chin from the hook of his stick. Then he looked down again. "I do deny it," he said.

"You deny that you have promised to marry Miss Silvester?"

"Yes."

"I asked you just now to look at her—"

"And I told you I had seen enough of her already."

"Look at *me*. In my presence, and in the presence of the other persons here, do you deny that you owe this lady, by your own solemn engagement, the reparation of marriage?"

He suddenly lifted his head. His eyes, after resting for an instant only on Sir Patrick, turned, little by little; and, brightening slowly, fixed themselves with a hideous, tigerish glare on Anne's face. "I know what I owe her," he said.

The devouring hatred of his look was matched by the ferocious vindictiveness of his tone, as he spoke those words. It was horrible to see him; it was horrible to hear him. Mr. Moy said to him, in a whisper, "Control yourself, or I will throw up your case."

Without answering—without even listening—he lifted one of his hands, and looked at it vacantly. He whispered something to himself; and counted out what he was whispering slowly; in divisions of his own, on three of his fingers in succession. He fixed his eyes again on Anne, with the same devouring hatred in their look, and spoke (this time directly addressing himself to her) with the same ferocious vindictiveness in his tone. "But for you, I should be married to Mrs. Glenarm. But for you, I should be friends with my father. But for you, I should have won the race. I know what I owe you." His loosely hanging hands stealthily clenched themselves. His head sank again on his broad breast. He said no more.

Not a soul moved—not a word was spoken. The same common horror held them all speechless. Anne's eyes turned once more on Blanche. Anne's courage upheld her, even at that moment.

Sir Patrick rose. The strong emotion which he had suppressed thus far, showed itself plainly in his face—uttered itself plainly in his voice.

"Come into the next room," he said to Anne. "I must speak to you instantly!"

Without noticing the astonishment that he caused; without paying the smallest attention to the remonstrances addressed to him by his sister-in-law and by the Scotch lawyer, he took Anne by the arm—opened the folding-doors at one end of the room—entered the room beyond with her—and closed the doors again.

Lady Lundie appealed to her legal adviser. Blanche rose—advanced a few steps—and stood in breathless suspense, looking at the folding-doors. Arnold advanced a step, to speak to his wife. The captain approached Mr. Moy.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

Mr. Moy answered, in strong agitation on his side.

"It means that I have not been properly instructed. Sir Patrick Lundie has some evidence in his possession that seriously compromises Mr. Delamayn's case. He has shrunk from producing it hitherto—he finds himself forced to produce it now. How is it," asked the lawyer, turning sternly on his client, "that you have left me in the dark?"

"I know nothing about it," answered Geoffrey, without lifting his head.

Lady Lundie signed to Blanche to stand aside, and advanced toward the folding-doors. Mr. Moy stopped her.

"I advise your ladyship to be patient. Interference is useless there."

"Am I not to interfere, Sir, in my own house?"

"Unless I am entirely mistaken, madam, the end of the proceedings in your house is at hand. You will damage your own interests by interfering. Let us know what we are about at last. Let the end come."

Lady Lundie yielded, and returned to her place. They all waited in silence for the opening of the doors.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE GERMAN QUESTION—"Haf some peer?"

A TREATISE ON ETIQUETTE.

Never eat soup with a fork.

If you want to run for office next fall, nominate yourself at once, and pitch right into the caldron with a vim.

If you see Jones at the theatre with a young lady, yell out, "Hello, Jones, how is your wife?" Jones will think it funny.

Young ladies, always give precedence to age, and never go to the wash-tub if your mother or grandmother are present; they might consider it disrespectful.

In the dining-room no gentleman will sit on the table, nor is it polite to get under it until too drunk to sit in a chair.

At a school examination in New Bedford last week the teacher sought to develop the "general intelligence" of an infant class by asking, "What are cows good for?" After a moment's pause a small hand went up with tremendous energy. "Well, Johnny, what is it?" "Their thomachth are good for tripe," shouted the young savant.

At a recent parish meeting a strait-laced and most exemplary curate submitted a report in writing of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish. "Are you sure, reverend Sir," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.

Mr. Jones was afflicted, and thus he told his sorrow: "By dabe is Jodes—Daddle Jodes. I ab the bost biserable bad udder the sud. I ab eterdally catchig code, so that I dever cad talk plaid. I tried every thig id the world to prevedt it: subber ad widter, it's all the sabe. I breathe through by bouth frob Jaduary to Decebber, frob the begiddig to the edd of the year. I've tried every systeb of bedicid, but id vaid. All kides of teas, broths, ad old wibbid dostrubs have bid tried. I've swallowed edough of theb to drowd be; but it's do use. Dothig udder heaved cad keep by feet warb; dothig keeps be frob catchig code."

"How does the Empress Eugénie dress?" inquired an inquisitive female of a bachelor friend just returned from Paris. "Like a woman," was the brusque reply. "Of course," continued the inquirer; "but I wish to know whether she wears costly dresses." "I understand you, madam," was the ungallant response; "she dresses like a woman—wearing the most costly garments she can procure."

A Portland club has the following question proposed for discussion: "Can a big man ache harder than a little man?"

HIGH-TONED MEN—The tenor singers.

The recent action of the jury of Wyoming women in convicting a man of manslaughter, shows that the weakness of the sex is not prejudicial to justice—that is, female juries will not favor *male*factors.

"Ah," said old Mrs. Doosenbury, "larning is a great thing! I've often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and I only know the name of three months in the year, and them's spring, fall, and autumn. I larnt the names of them when I was a leetle bit of a gal!"

A MEDICAL QUESTION—Is opening a dead-letter a post-mortem examination?

A lady teacher in the Baptist Sunday-school at Orange recently had occasion to illustrate a lesson on "faith," by the story of a child who was told by his father to drop from an elevated place into his arms. The father could not be seen by the child, yet, when commanded, it dropped. Upon the teacher asking her class what was shown by this story, a bright little fellow immediately replied: "It showed he had pluck!"

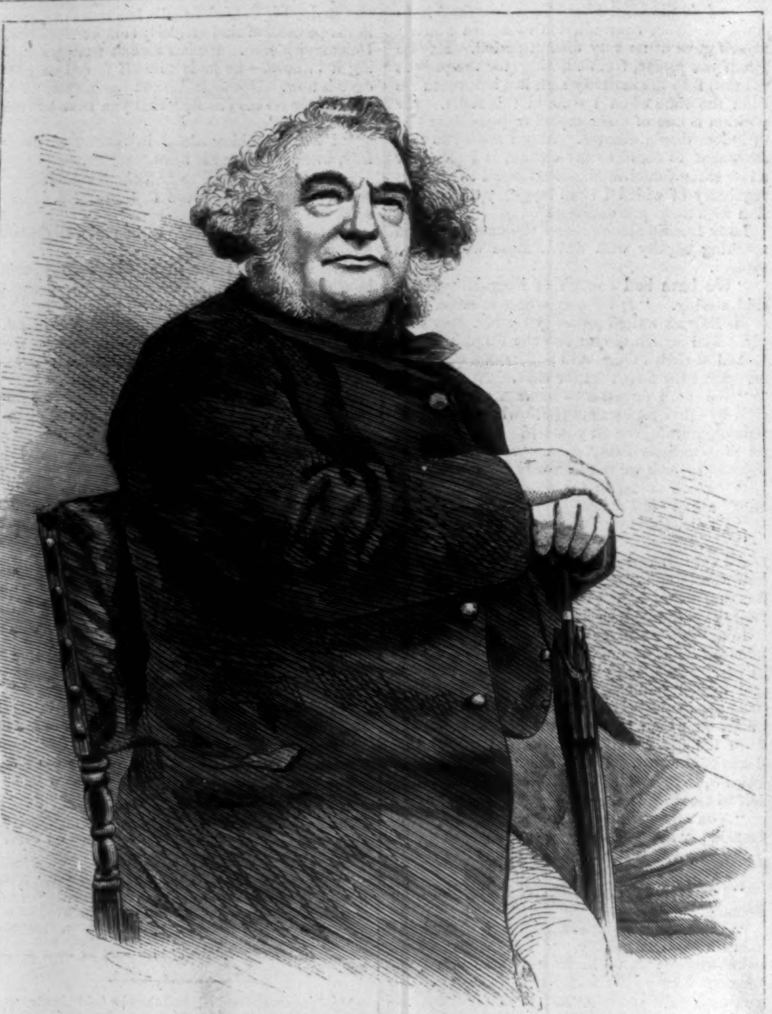
A lawyer built him an office in the form of a hexagon. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by. They made a full stop, and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, raised the window, put his head out, and addressed them: "What do you stand there for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?" "Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinking so till I saw the divil poke his head out of the windy."

If you want to get a sure crop and a big yield sow wild oats.

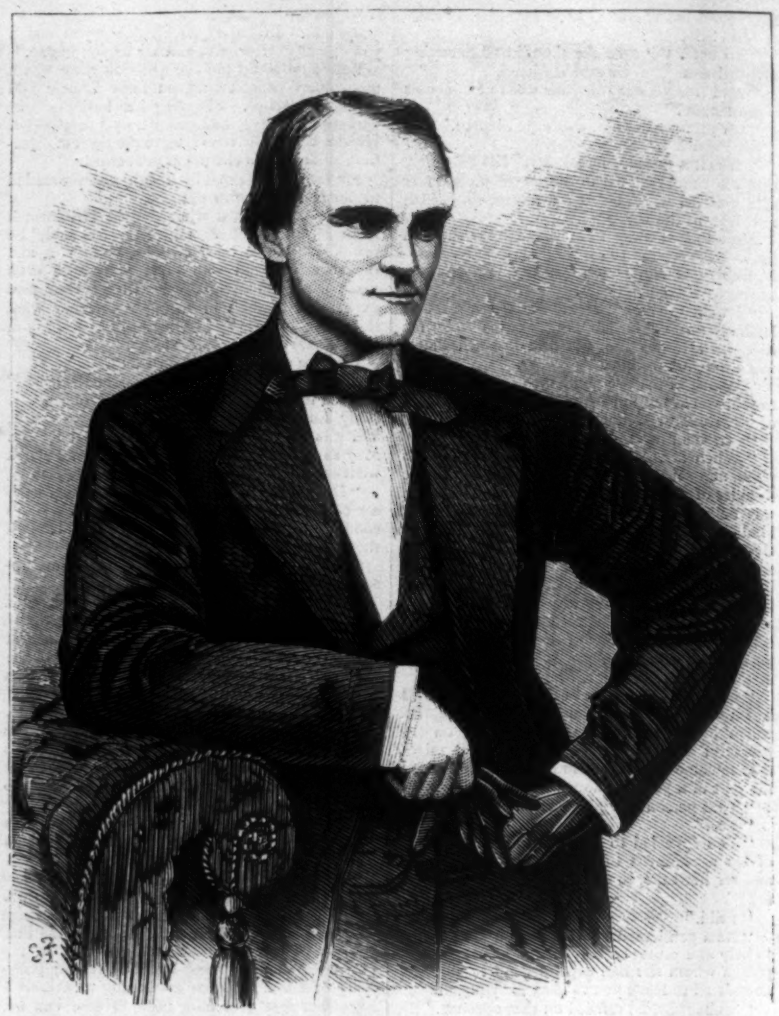
A gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, and who had arrived at the Northern Central Dépôt, in Baltimore, from some point North, rushed up to the baggage-room, and in a peremptory manner demanded that his baggage should be given to him in preference to all other customers. His manner was somewhat offensive, and when informed, by a plainly clad but humorous-looking son of the Emerald Isle, that he must have patience, and wait his turn, he turned upon the adviser and imparter of knowledge with, "Sir, you're an ass." The honest Irishman gazed at him an instant, and then replied, "And you, Sir, are an ape; and what a pity it is that when we two were made bastes that ye wasn't made an illiphant, so that ye could have yer blasted trunk under your nose all the time."

"So you are going to keep a school?" said a young lady to her old aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that myself," was the reply; "but where is the widower?"

The agent for a patent coffin says, in his circular: "Undertakers who have used it pronounce it a perfect success, and we ask you to try it, free of charge, and judge for yourself."



MARK LEMON.—[PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY E. B. FAY, NEW YORK.]



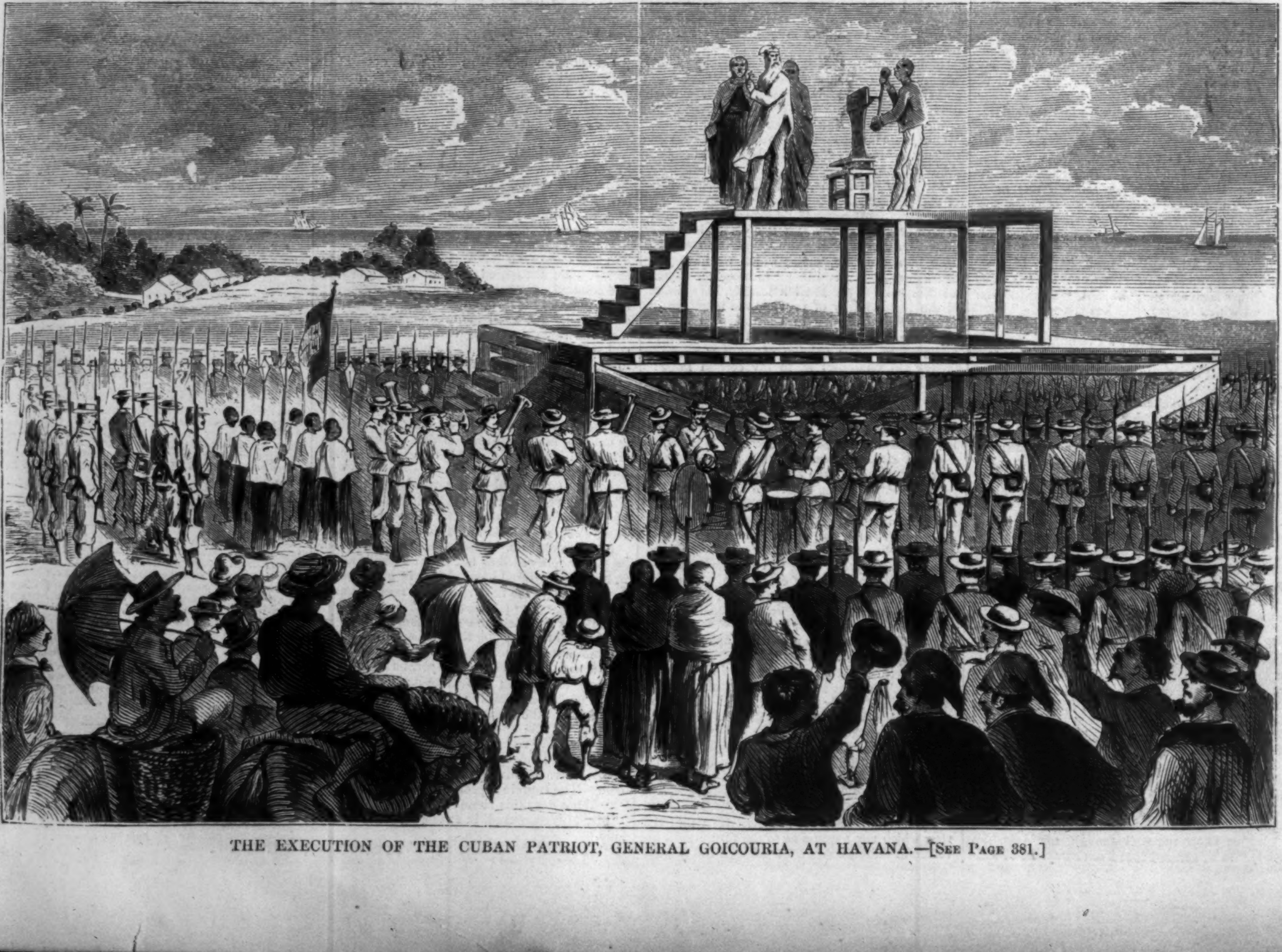
WESTON, THE PEDESTRIAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRICKS.]

MARK LEMON.

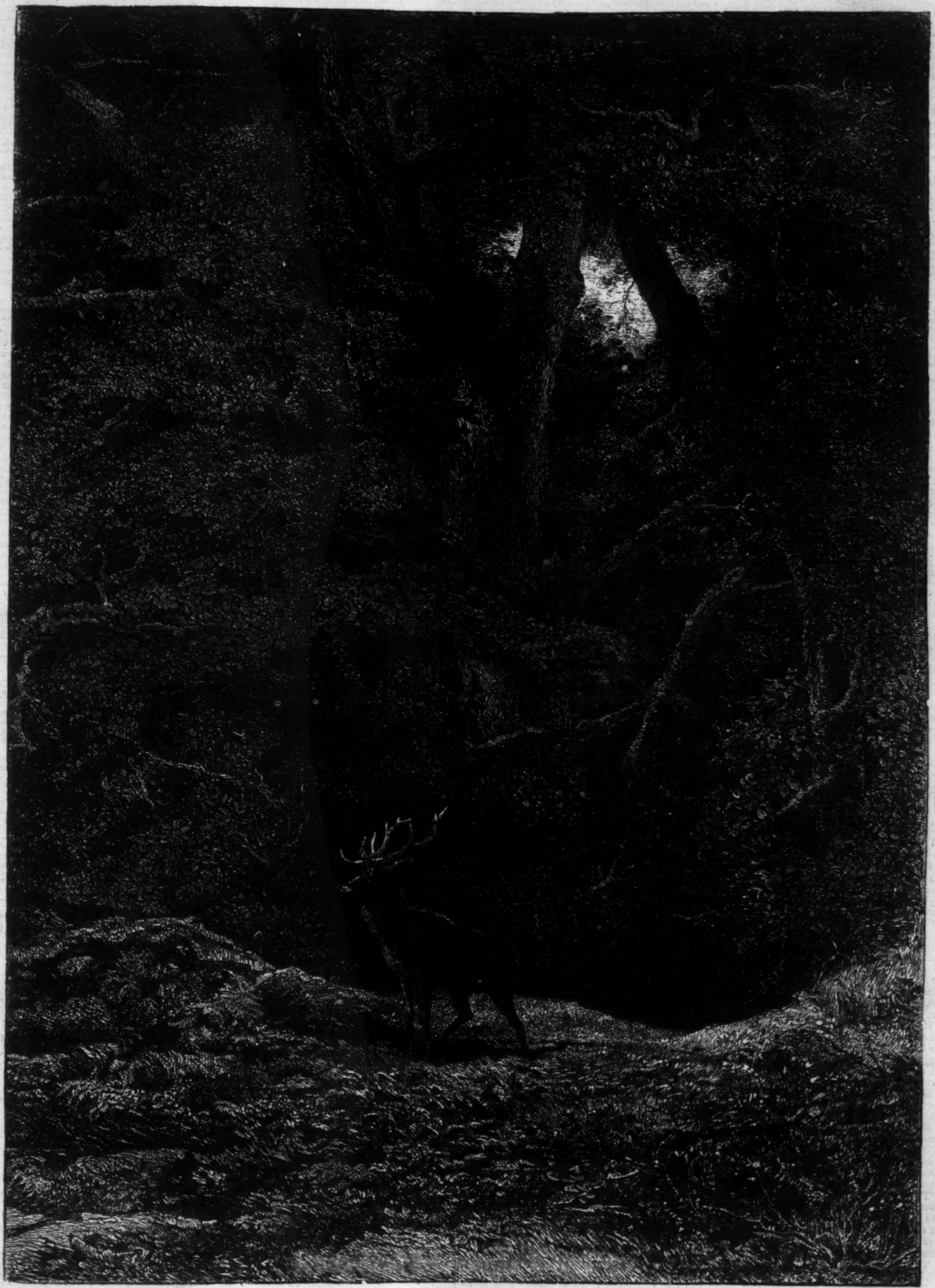
MR. MARK LEMON, well known both in England and this country as the editor of *Punch*, as a successful dramatist and pleasant story-writer, whose portrait we give on this page, died in London on the 23d ult., at the age of 62. His earliest literary efforts were dramatic productions, and he occasionally appeared on the stage. On the establishment of *Punch* he was made associate editor of that entertaining comic journal, and remained in that position until the retirement of the editor, Mr. HENRY MAYHEW, when he succeeded to the chief post, and held it till his death. Mr. LEMON was popular as a writer, and a favorite in society. In addition to his contributions to *Punch*, he wrote upward of sixty dramatic pieces, and numerous articles and stories for the English literary journals and magazines. He also edited a collection of jests, and wrote a large number of songs. Recently he played the character of Falstaff at one of the London theatres, and, according to the popular verdict, was very successful. The stout, massive frame and genial countenance which he possessed no doubt helped to secure public favor in this part, which he undertook rather as an amateur than as a professional player. It will be difficult to find a man to fill the position he so long occupied as editor of the most successful comic periodical ever established.

WESTON, THE PEDESTRIAN.

WE give on this page a portrait of Mr. EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, the well-known pedestrian, who has just accomplished the feat of walking one hundred miles in twenty-one hours and forty minutes—twenty minutes less than the time required by his wager. The performance took place at the Empire Rink, in Third Avenue. He made about nine stoppages for rest during his walk, none of which was longer than ten minutes. His chief nourishment was beef-tea, together with crackers, raw eggs, and lemonade. He accomplished the one hundred miles without giving evidences of any great strain on his mental or physical system, being nearly as fresh at the finish as he was at the opening. The first fifty miles were made in ten hours and thirty-five minutes. His quickest mile was done in about



THE EXECUTION OF THE CUBAN PATRIOT, GENERAL GOICOURIA, AT HAVANA.—[SEE PAGE 381.]



IN THE WOODS.—[Drawn by K. Bodmer.]

eleven minutes, and his best single circuit of the rink in one minute and twenty seconds. The close of his performance was witnessed by an audience of at least 5000 people, who greeted his triumph with enthusiastic applause.

THE EXECUTION OF GOICOURIA.

We give on page 380 a representation of the execution of General Domingo de Goicouria, a brave and energetic Cuban soldier, who died by the garrote at Havana on the 7th of May.

General Goicouria had been for more than a quarter of a century closely identified with the revolutionary cause in Cuba. A native of that island, and married to a lady of large possessions there, he was, many years ago, compelled to fly his home on account of his political sympathies, and take up his residence in this country. In all the subsequent movements in behalf of Cuban independence he took an active and prominent part. He was the friend and associate of Lopez in his enterprises, though he remained in this country, devoting all his time, energy, and means to the organization and direction of the plans set on foot to liberate Cuba from the Spanish yoke. The failure of the expeditions under Lopez and Quitman seemed not to dampen his enthusiasm in the cause; and when the present insurrection broke out he was among the first to engage in the war of liberation. As in former enterprises, he acted mainly as an organizer and manager of expeditions from this country. He was recently captured on an island near the coast of Cuba, taken to Havana, and immediately executed.

By the death of General Goicouria the Cuban cause has sustained a serious loss.

A HANDY MAN.

In the year 18— there resided in the north of England a gentleman who was known as Sir William Marston. He was one of those men who are cool and calculating—always looking before them. He had made all his money at iron-working; but after having got his title, he thought fit to "sell out" and retire.

He accordingly chose a residence in Durham, and resided there for three years, when he determined to build a large mansion for himself; and he accordingly consulted with an architect, and the drawings and specifications were made out, tenders received, and the work proceeded with.

Now when this mansion was built, Sir William found that every one was admiring it, and artists came and sketched it before the glass was in the windows. Every one declared it perfection, all but Sir William himself.

A very unpleasant idea had come into Sir William's head. He intended to keep a good many valuables and money on the premises. Thus the question arose, "Was it burglar-proof?" The architect assured him it was; the inspector of police said so too; he thought so himself, but he would like to be sure. The following advertisement accordingly appeared in some of the local papers a few days after the house was finished:

NOTICE TO BURGLARS AND OTHERS.—Whereas, Sir William Marston, having gone to great expense in the building of his new mansion, "Fallow Hill," is desirous of ascertaining whether it be burglar-proof or not, and with that object has placed in his writing-table drawer the sum of five hundred pounds. And whosoever shall, with the ordinary appliances of a burglar, contrive to abstract the said five hundred pounds *without being caught in the act*, shall be permitted to enjoy the same, on condition that he write to the said Sir William Marston and fully inform him how he did succeed in abstracting the same; and be it known, no steps shall be taken to recover the money or bring the offender to justice. But if the said burglar be caught, he shall be bound to state how he entered the premises, and how he *proposed* abstracting the money, and he shall then be permitted to depart.

A week passed, and Sir William was getting in servants for his establishment, buying furniture, horses and carriages, and all the paraphernalia necessary for the comfort of a mansion. Still there came no answer to his extraordinary advertisement. At last a thought struck him. He put the advertisement in again, adding that "no extraordinary precautions would be taken to preserve the house from being broken into."

The next day Sir William was sitting in the small room adjoining his office, quietly reading a book, when the footman entered and stood waiting till his master should speak.

"Well?" at last he said, looking up.

"A man wanting to speak to you, Sir. Says he believes you want a groom. He can groom, Sir; harness a horse, clean a carriage, fust-rate at gardening, rubbing up knives and forks, cleaning windows—in fact, Sir, I assure you, by his own account, he is a 'very handy man.'"

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Decent enough, Sir—tall, determined-looking; a kind of man as would knock dander out of you, Sir, or could—"

"That will do; show him in."

"He has a portmanteau, Sir. Shall I take care of it? It might—"

"Less o' your lip!" Sir William was becoming the iron-founder again. "Show him in!"

He was shown in, and began to run up his accomplishments, which, to Sir William, seemed very suitable to him. He was just the sort of man he wanted, and Sir William began to think of clenching the bargain.

While they were quibbling about terms they were assailed by a strong smell of burning, and a scream suddenly startled them. Upon hearing loud shouts of "Fire!" Sir William and the man instantly rushed to the door; but the man suddenly fell headlong on the floor, Sir William darting off to the scene of the conflagration.

Upon arriving in the hall he found volumes of smoke coming from a cupboard under the stairs, and he immediately ordered in the little hand fire-engine kept in the kitchen (a thing no mansion should be without). He ran it up to the cupboard-door, and, seizing the hose in his left hand, he commenced to pump furiously with the right, and the little lever-handle was almost invisible, with such speed did it go up and down. The footman kicked away the portmanteau, that had been left in the hall, and burst the cupboard-door open, and then proceeded to drag to light a vast assortment of rags, and brown paper, and damp straw, all of which made a terrible smoke, although no flame was visible. It was soon put out, and Sir William returned to his room.

He found the door locked on the inside upon his arrival; but this did not startle him at first. He knocked, but he got no answer; so, quietly stepping back along the passage (being a powerful man), he flung himself at the door, and it gave way with a crash. The room was empty.

He looked every where, and found two things—viz., that the window was wide open, and that his five hundred pounds were gone.

He was mortified in the extreme. Had this man who wanted a situation taken his money? If so, was it a plot to do so, or merely that, knowing there was money there, he had availed himself of the opportunity and taken it? He thought the latter.

The man that was at the porter's lodge said that he saw a man come in the morning of the fire with a portmanteau, and that soon afterward he saw him running toward the gate, saying he was going for the fire-engines; so he let him pass.

The next morning Sir William received a letter by the post, which puzzled him not a little. It ran as follows:

"Sir,—Having seen your advertisement in the —— inviting burglars to break in and steal, I thought that as it was hardly to be called a crime, this house-breaking—being, in fact, an out-of-the-way proof of the safety of your house—I might with safety venture to show you that 'forcible entry' is not the only way of robbing a house. And, moreover, as you specified so accurately where the rhino was, I determined to possess it.

"I accordingly took an old portmanteau, and filled it with some very smoky and inflammable, but not dangerous, materials; and, donning some old clothes, I proceeded to your mansion.

"As I had often visited it while it was building, I knew it well; and so, upon giving an elaborate message to the footman, I staid in the hall while he delivered it; but I was not idle. I knew of the cupboard under the stairs, and immediately opening it (for the key was in it), I emptied my portmanteau, and lighted a match and applied it to the damp straw and the bits of brown paper, and then I quietly closed the door and pocketed the key, knowing it would be some time before the smoke would ooze through.

"I then palavered to your Highness till the alarm was given, whereupon I pretended to trip and fall while running for the door; but picked myself up immediately, locked the door, forced all the drawers of your writing-table, pocketed the money, and, lifting up the window, leaped on to the lawn—a good jump, certainly; but I ran off toward the gate. Here I was stopped. I pointed to the smoke coming through the hall-door, said I was going for the engines, and then quietly returned home.

"It is my intention to indulge in a tour to the United States with the five hundred pounds I procured by my ingenuity.

"Pray remember they are not all thieves that steal, and believe me, yours truly,

"A Very Handy Man."

Sir William never put any more advertisements in the paper to say where his money was.

"THEY SAY."

No words can condemn too strongly the grosser and more malignant forms of backbiting and scandal. The ancient laws, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people," are for all time. The Divine opinion of such conduct is concisely and judicially given—for example, "He who uttereth slander is a very fool;" "He who goeth about as a slanderer revealeth secrets; but he who is of a faithful spirit concealeth a matter;" "The words of a tale-bearer are like sportive ones, yet they go down into the innermost parts of the body."

There is, however, a somewhat milder form of this evil, of which too many are more or less guilty. It appears in the use of the insignificant, sneaking, half-apologetic phrase, "They say—;" the sentence being generally completed with something damaging to the character of the person spoken of. Several friends meet at an evening party, or in the street, when the name of some one not present is mentioned, and forthwith one of the company speaks quietly, gently, and with professed sympathy, or regret, or mild censure, or solemn disapprobation in the tones of his voice to the following effect: "*They say* he has a great many bills in the market, and will find it difficult to meet them." Or, "*They say* that his bankruptcy was a good thing for him." Or, "*They say* that he is a perfect bear at home." Or, "*They say* he didn't marry the woman he wanted." Or, "*They say* she is very fond of dress, and gets things unknown to her husband." Or, "*They say* no servant stays with her longer than a month; they can't bear her." Or, "*They say* she is not what she pretends to be."

These are fair average specimens of "sayings" that may not perhaps be called slanderous, but which are decidedly mischievous. It is not necessary to look far for the reason of their use. Men believe evil of others more readily or more easily than they believe good. A late writer exposes this sad failing of human nature in the following incisive terms: "How comes it that the evil men say spreads so widely and lasts so long, while our good, kind words don't seem, somehow, to take root and bear blossom? Is it that in the stony hearts of mankind these pretty flowers can't find a place to grow? Certain it is that scandal is a good, brisk talk, whereas praise of one's neighbor is by no means lively hearing. An acquaintance grilled, scored, deviled, and served with mustard and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite; whereas a slice of cold friend, with currant jelly, is but a sickly, unrelishing meat."

The expression "They say—" is most generally used in retailing small bits of scandal. The speaker in effect says, "Now, *I* am not responsible for this, *I* do not vouch for its truth; but you were speaking just now of Smith. Well, they say—" and out comes something not altogether to Smith's credit. Observe, the speaker does not wish to give you the unclean thing as from himself; he carries, as it were, a pair of moral tongs, with which he handles the matter, and when he has put down the tongs he says, "*I* am not dirty."

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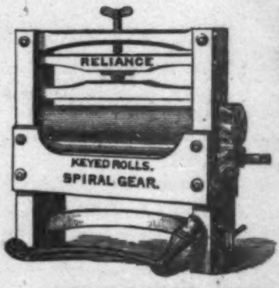

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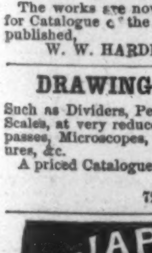

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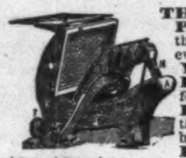

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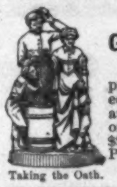

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